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Benjamin Stolberg

MUNISM MEANS WAR

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Bergen Evans

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**GENERAL MACARTHUR:
MAN OF CONTROVERSY**

by Cornelius Ryan
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The Skeptics' Corner

A great deal of false information is accepted as Gospel truth by vast multitudes of men and women, some of them of considerable education. They accept this "truth" because everybody else accepts it, or because it seems to be "right," or because—well, it's more comfortable not to question too many things.

But readers of The American Mercury do question things—all things. They take nothing for granted. Which is why all of them find The Skeptics' Corner, by Dr. Bergen Evans, so much to their liking. Indeed, The Skeptics' Corner is one of the most popular departments in the magazine.

Is it true that emotional shock turns hair gray? Do flying fish really fly? Are all children born in the early hours of the morning? Does a drowning man see his whole life pass before him? Is incest "unnatural"? Are owls really wise? Are dogs faithful unto death? Is it twice as hard to get rid of a summer cold as of a winter cold? . . . Such questions are answered every month by Dr. Bergen Evans, who not only documents his replies but writes them in a delightful, sparkling manner.

The Skeptics' Corner is always as stimulating as it is informative. Its high quality is but another index of the high quality of the readership of The American Mercury.

The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

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HUMAN PRODUCTS OF COMMUNISM, by Ada Siegel. *A fascinating, and at the same time, a very profound, analysis of what Stalinism has done to the thinking and emotions of a young man born in Russia after 1917. A real contribution toward an understanding of what goes on behind the Iron Curtain.*

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In addition there will be many other articles and features, including the regular departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, The Theatre, and Down to Earth.

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The American Mercury

ROBERT A. TAFT: AMERICAN LIBERAL

BY

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

ROBERT A. TAFT has one of the clearest minds in American politics and speaks it with unmitigated directness. Yet he has been perhaps the most misunderstood political figure since the days when another Taft was branded by another Roosevelt as a "reactionary." The New Deal smear, malign and clever, had a lot to do with it. But I think the reasons go much deeper.

Taft came to the Senate almost a dozen years ago. Ever since he has been one of the ablest critics of the

New-Fair Deal. His leadership has been cumulative in effect, until in time he became the unofficial but unchallenged leader of the opposition. He was never a Me-Too Republican who promised to run the New Deal more cheaply and efficiently. Nor was he ever a Me-Never Republican, who was against anything the Administration might be for. In spite of being called "Mr. Republican," his leadership rested less on partisanship than on his own political evolution. For in the turmoil of our times, the Re-

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, the well-known journalist, is a leading authority on communism in America. He is the author of *The Story of the CIO*, *Taylor's Progress*, *The Collapse of American Communism* and *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal* (with W. J. Vinton).

publican party has become no less confused than the party in power. Events have forced Taft to work out a political philosophy of opposition.

Ever since 1933, the Administration has governed by furious improvisation. Usually, when a great society is in a state of such political confusion, it is because it is in a revolutionary predicament. But the Roosevelt "revolution" — continued by the Fair Deal — has never had to deal with a revolutionary situation. We are still the wealthiest and freest society on earth. The reforms we needed, and they were many, did not call for a change in our entire system. Yet that is what the New-Fair Deal has been trying to make. It has been moving toward statism under mock-liberal slogans. In American guise, it has adopted the program of the British Labor party, without even half-knowing what it was doing. For while the British Labor party is consciously socialist and against free enterprise, our Democratic party, under the domination of its own left wing, would "save" free enterprise with a program of deficit financing and spasmodic socialization.

It is for all these reasons that the Fair Deal has all the aspects of a vast tragedy-comedy; that its economics of taxing ourselves into ever greater plenty and "security" reads like Alice in Wonderland; that it has permitted

our libertarian traditions to become deformed into "liberal totalitarianism," which is an excellent host for the communist infection throughout our entire culture; that its diplomacy is what one might call one of alert frustration; and that its politics constantly tends to cease being "the art of the possible" and to become the art of Wonderful Nonsense. And there is no nonsense in Bob Taft, wonderful or otherwise.

As the leader of the opposition in Congress, Taft has had the task of disabusing the public mind of the manic-progressivism of the Fair Deal. He has had to reaffirm the basic philosophy of American freedom against a lot of double-talk. He has had to work out a legislative program which would protect our economy against the Utopian sabotage of Fair Deal demagogues. And because times do change, he has had to think through and draft a series of welfare measures compatible with a free political-economy — which alone can afford such welfare.

This has taken no little ability and effort for a man whom the New Deal smearbund chose, as soon as he entered the Senate in 1939, to succeed Herbert Hoover as the symbol of "reaction." Under the expert guidance of the late Charley Michaelson, who in his autobiography cynically boasted of being the Lord High Char-

acter Assassin of that rollicking reign, the Brain Trust kids went to work on Taft. Taft's great intelligence was admitted to be the "best nineteenth century mind of the twentieth century." His vast industry was caricatured as that of a boring grind. His earnestness was ridiculed as utter lack of humor and his forthrightness as political ineptitude. Altogether, according to the sly and continuous insinuation, Taft was nothing but a highbrow hick in the service of the Vested Interests. For years a good word spoken for him in "liberal" circles marked one as almost a "fascist."

Gradually the picture changed. By 1946 a Democratic Congress polled itself and voted Taft its ablest member. The Republican Eightieth Congress followed his leadership. Though he was not the majority leader and had no Congressional machine of any kind, his Republican colleagues elected him chairman of their Policy Committee.

And he is the outstanding personality in the present Democratic Congress. The President offered the second session of this Congress a domestic program which had been rejected almost point by point during the first session, from the Brannan Plan to the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. But once more it was rejected under the leadership of the Republican Senator Taft. The fact is that

Taft exercises a far greater influence, due to sheer ability, than anybody has had in the Senate since the days of Penrose.

II

Senator Bricker half-jokingly calls Taft a "socialist," for Bricker stands today about where Taft did when he first came to the Senate in 1939. In order to achieve a constructive leadership Taft has had to grow. And he could grow because, as Bob La Follette once told me, "he will follow the facts no matter where they take him," and because of "his brilliant capacity of generalization once all the facts are in." Taft came to realize that when history is in a runaway mood, enlightened conservatism is the true liberalism. But to be enlightened it must face the causes of unrest and offer a program to remove them. To sneer at "welfare," he once told his Republican colleagues at a policy meeting, not only made no sense but wouldn't and shouldn't elect a dog-catcher.

Since the war Taft has been hammering out a new Republican party line. He does not believe in the fundamentalist capitalism which fatalistically views unemployment, misery and want as inevitable by-products of the American system. He is a liberal whose "party line" stems not from the French or the Bolshevik revolution

but from our own. The French Revolution was bourgeois and libertarian. But its Jacobin side released the drives of nineteenth century socialism, culminating in modern totalitarianism. In Britain it took the form of Fabian collectivism. In Russia it became the nihilist terror of Bolshevism. In Germany and Italy, it turned into National Socialism. Finally, it infested our own Democratic party with a benign version of the same virus. The American Revolution, on the other hand, was purely libertarian — without extremism of any kind. And, in spite of the Fair Deal ideologues, the words “general welfare” in the preamble to the Constitution were never intended to point the road toward any form of collectivism.

Taft believes that it is within the spirit of the American Constitution and tradition for government to aid “those who are unable to provide themselves and their families with the minimum necessities of life.” “We have always recognized,” he insists, “the duty of every community and state to provide relief in the form of food and clothing. We generally recognize the duty of the state to provide free medical care for those unable to pay for it. We see this done in every general hospital in every city in the United States. We do not need to socialize and nationalize medical care. Our program is to fill up the gaps in

the present system and constantly improve it.”

Taft did not always see things that way. His interest in welfare legislation dates from a trip to Mexico in the company of Stanley Rose, an elevator manufacturer who talked to him about the need for slum clearance. Taft was impressed, plunged into the subject and came up with the Wagner-Taft-Ellender bill. This led him to a study of the whole question of Federal aid, and he came to the conclusion that “the American system of free enterprise must protect itself” against “illiteracy, extreme poverty, hardship and lack of opportunity for American children.”

And so he worked out, with the help of Democratic leaders in the Senate and experts from private organizations, a whole program of Federal aid. What distinguishes this program from President Truman’s recommendations is that it limits such aid to depressed areas and to an essential minimum. Above all, it gives “the states and local governments complete power over the administration of their own welfare.” Taft’s constant emphasis that freedom is a local, communal, regional thing is coupled with his chronic suspicion of the centralizing forces in the Federal bureaucracy. “Such a program,” says Taft, “does not lead to a socialist state. I insist that the difference is not a ques-

tion of degree, but a definite difference in principle."

Needless to say, Taft also believes that government regulation has to increase with the growing complexity of the social order. He thinks of it as a problem in social and economic traffic. And as with all traffic, the aim is neither minimum nor maximum regulation, but optimum regulation. But regulation must never lapse into control of the productive process. The government must refrain from price-fixing or wage-setting or bureaucratic direction of industry and business. It must not play power politics with our economic life. Here again he denies that there is no dividing line, no principled distinction, between "economic planning," which leads to statism, and optimum legislation for the protection of a free economy.

Thus, Taft is for the Sherman Anti-Trust Law against monopoly capitalism and for the Taft-Hartley Law against monopoly labor. And he would modify both as experience dictates. "No one," he says, "can rightly claim that he should not be regulated in the public interest, or taxed to support necessary government activities. The question is rather how far the government can go without in effect destroying the substantial freedom of private enterprise."

Taft constantly stresses that only free enterprise can create abundance.

"The countries," he points out, "which rely on government direction and economic control are all seeking aid from American production, founded on freedom. Certainly there is no reason to abandon it and substitute systems which have achieved demonstrated failure."

III

Taft has been called a poor politician. In a conventional sense he is. He not only lacks glamour but scorns it — "there is so little underneath it." He lacks tact. "To be tactful in politics is to be dishonest," he informed a friend who tried to reason with him. His outspokenness is supposed to be a political handicap, and it annoys his friends far more than his enemies. "If you are his friend," one of them observed, "you need no enemies to worry you." His public personality inspires more confidence than affection. People loved Al Smith; they respect Bob Taft, always excepting those who, like the union bosses, hate him beyond all reason.

But for a poor politician, Taft is remarkably adept at getting himself elected. Since 1920 he has run for office six times, each time out-glamorized by a professionally colorful opponent. And only once was he defeated — in the first Roosevelt landslide when Ohio went Democratic and he lost his seat in the state senate. The

fact is that Taft is not a poor politician. He is merely an unusual politician. He is shrewd enough to know where his real strength lies. His way is to be elected the hard way — on the issues — and no politician knows better how to present them. That is why he has become the most dangerous opponent of the Administration. If, with his temperament, he had tried to out-fox and out-promise the Fair Deal, he would have gotten exactly nowhere. And if he had stuck to the fundamentalist Republicanism of the Old Guard, chances are he would no longer be in the Senate. His best strategy is to be himself, to rise on his ability, part of which is his gift to grow.

He achieved leadership in Congress simply by knowing more about the domestic program before it than anyone else. "His industry is so unrelenting, his mind so indefatigable," wrote Joseph and Stewart Alsop, not friendly critics, "that he did what no Senator in memory has ever attempted. He familiarized himself with every significant domestic bill that came before the Senate. If the Republicans wanted amendments he drafted them; and where no bill met his requirements he went to work and wrote one himself." And he had almost as much influence on bills sponsored by Democrats. At least half a dozen Senators of both parties have told me that there

is simply no competing with that capacity for work.

Moreover, Taft seeks out responsibility. When the Eightieth Congress opened, he refused the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, which was to deal with the popular issue of tax reduction. Instead he picked the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, which was bound to be a hornet's nest. "That was smart," said Bob La Follette, "because Taft is most effective when he is squarely meeting issues." Again the hard way. And *his* way to gain in power.

Naturally Taft has the defects of his qualities. His preoccupation with the things he is interested in makes him rather indifferent toward other problems which should engage the active interest of the leader of the opposition in Congress. This has been eminently true about foreign affairs. He never quite approved of the "bi-partisan" foreign policy, because the Republicans were never treated as equal partners. But until recently he did nothing about it. His direct vision is so concentrated that his peripheral vision suffers.

He has displayed the same casualness toward the Communist issue. It so happens that he knows a great deal about Communist infiltration both in the Government and elsewhere. He has as good a picture of it as anyone in Congress. I know because, on sev-

eral occasions, I have discussed it with him in detail. He was outraged by Acheson's defense of Alger Hiss, saying that the Secretary seemed to be giving "some protection to people in the State Department that take the same point of view as Hiss." He has backed up Senator McCarthy because he felt that a real investigation was essential. And to him the Tydings "report" is the whitewash which it is. Taft might well be President today if in his campaign for the Republican nomination in 1948 he had used his magnificent abilities to expose this spiritual corruption and the Administration's responsibility for it.

That is why, although more and more thoughtful Americans are with him, there is no such a thing as a Taft movement in a sense that there was a La Follette or a Teddy Roosevelt movement. What they had, or seemed to have, was a flair for moral indignation. But Taft is essentially a man of reason. He appeals to logic and to common sense rather than to the emotions. He is head and shoulders above any political figure in Washington today. He has shown a great capacity for growing in a national crisis. But so far he has failed to imbue his luminous intelligence with the kind of militant vision which distinguishes a Winston Churchill. As yet, his leadership is more fragmentary than prophetic: he is more

absorbed in specific problems than he is in renovating the American faith for our times. He understands this faith intellectually. What the opposition party sorely needs is to galvanize this faith messianically.

Intellectually Taft is pretty much of a lone wolf. He does his own research. He writes his own articles, his own speeches, his own broadcasts. Even the people who work with him often don't know what he is going to say. His great intellectual self-reliance, coupled with his bluntness, seems to verge on intellectual arrogance, which it really isn't. For though he has pride of intellect he has no pride of opinion, no vanity or snobbishness of any kind. He is never offended by being told he is wrong and is always open to conviction — if you care to do the necessary research. He will write a long answer to an intelligent letter from an obscure correspondent; but he will lose his temper when a colleague in the Senate "doesn't know what he is talking about." Fortunately his victims bear no permanent scars, because his anger, unlike his friendliness, is impersonal. Having no vanity, he has no malice.

On the other hand, he has a veritable genius for legislative diplomacy. When he was piloting his labor bill through the Senate Labor Committee, four of its Republican members were known as pro-laborites: Aiken,

Ives, Morse and Smith of New Jersey. Of the five Democrats, Ellender and Hill were consistent New Dealers, while Murray, Pepper and Thomas of Utah were even further to the left. That is, of the thirteen members, nine were eager not to offend organized labor. Chairman Hartley of the House Committee and most of his colleagues were far on the right of Taft and wanted a much more drastic bill. Taft's deftness in steering the bill between the Scylla and Charybdis of right and left won this tribute from a colleague: "Bob did it by knowing more about the subject than anybody else and by acting as a happy broker between all contending views."

There is something puzzling about Taft. Even close friends, who admire and love him, give one the impression that they don't quite fathom him. What is usually puzzling about a personality is the feeling that there is something missing in it or that there is some maladjustment. There is nothing "missing" in Bob Taft. And he is so well-adjusted that he carries lightly the weight of one of the great American names. Though his impersonality and preoccupation may be mistaken for coldness, he is really friendly and extremely considerate. Personally he is one of the most popular men in Congress. He has a great deal of fun in him, dry humor and civilized wit. He is a happy man: happy in his mar-

riage with the cultivated and vastly amusing Martha Bowers; happy in his four sons, all of whom are doing fine; happy in his six grandchildren; and happy in his career.

What makes Taft puzzling, I think, is that he is all of a piece. His character, his personality, and his life all hang together, which is rare enough to be baffling. To illustrate what I mean let me compare two immortals. Washington's contemporaries and biographers have always been far more baffled than Lincoln's. Washington was of a piece, while Lincoln had great clefts in his nature through which people could probe its depths—or thought they could. Without trying to compare Robert Taft to George Washington, he is elusive, I believe, for the same reason. And that may well be why he lacks "color." The well-adjusted are seldom "glamorous."

IV

By far the most important of the Congressional contests this year is Taft's campaign for re-election in Ohio. He started it a whole year ahead of schedule, and he has gone into every one of the state's 88 counties, explaining the issues to farmers, business groups, clubwomen, factory workers—in short, to the people of Ohio. His audiences resemble nothing so much as students taking a night

school course. "His talks," Harold Lavine wrote in *Newsweek*, "are heavily larded with economic and political theory, and they are as crammed with statistics as a textbook."

The significant thing is that the discussion periods often last far longer than the talk. Taft is convinced that the average American is really interested in his government and not only willing but eager to listen to anyone who can give him an intelligent and informed picture of what is going on. The facts are marshalled with complete clarity and illuminated by a telling analysis of their meaning. His method is paying off, in letters from farmers and rank-and-file workers assuring him of support and offering suggestions—and as often as not sending dollar bills.

The Democratic opposition presents an interesting picture. The Fair Dealers and union bosses are violently against Taft. The national CIO and AFL have been assessing their members for a huge campaign fund, which has aroused a considerable hue and cry of "outside interference" throughout the state. But the Ohio Democratic machine is not a Fair Deal machine. Governor Lausche, able and popular, has not only refused to run against Taft but has in effect endorsed his candidacy. Speaking at the Ohio Wesleyan Commencement, when both

he and Taft received honorary degrees, Lausche expressed his admiration for the Senator and said, "It probably ought to be confirmed today that we ought not to engage in controversy of any kind." And at the recent governors' conference Lausche refused to declare himself for the Democratic candidate.

With Lausche out, a rift developed between organized labor and the Democratic machine. Labor wanted Murray Lincoln, a nominal Republican all his life, a well-known leader of the coöperative movement, and a New Dealer. But the Democrats would have none of him. The next possible candidate of any stature was Mayor Thomas A. Burke of Cleveland. Burke also refused to run, and is said to have stated off the record that with Lausche's virtual endorsement Taft is sure to carry the state even though he will lose Cleveland. Finally the nomination went to State Auditor Joseph T. Ferguson.

Ferguson is a typical bush-league politician, but he is a good campaigner and though he has no program of any kind he has his own personal machine throughout the state. From all reports, Taft is likely to win. His own view of his prospects was summed up in the laconic statement, "I feel too good too early." The gentleman from Ohio is no Tom Dewey.

Taft's Ohio campaign has aroused greater national interest than any state campaign within memory. The reasons are obvious. If labor and its Fair Deal allies cannot beat the author of the "slave" labor act and the outstanding opponent of the Fair Deal in a highly industrialized state, the Republican chances for 1952 will begin to look up. Moreover, if Taft wins he will emerge as the strongest contender for the Republican nomination.

As far as can be foreseen, his only real competitor might be General Eisenhower, who, in spite of his statements to the contrary, is an avid candidate. And if Dewey or Stassen or both, and possibly even the Southern Dixiecrats, should throw their support to Eisenhower, Taft may lose out once more. But time may show that Eisenhower missed the boat once for all in 1948, when he could have had the nomination of either party during the period when he was looking them over. Victorious generals do well to run for President, as did Taylor and Grant, at the very first election after their triumphs. Otherwise the people may remember that they are not only heroes but generals. Besides, if we should be at war in 1952, Truman may well outmaneuver the general, whom he would consider a strong candidate, by finding his military services indispensable once more.

v

If Taft is re-elected to the Senate his power and prestige will of course rise enormously. He will have an important say about the Republican platform in 1952, no matter who the candidate. His influence on domestic legislation will continue, even if the Democrats maintain their majority in Congress. And the Korean "police action," whether it is a mere rehearsal or the first act of the next world war, will force him to take an increasingly active part in our foreign policy. As the leading Republican in Congress and as a likely candidate for the Republican nomination, he will hardly shirk this responsibility. Domestic and foreign affairs are now indivisible.

There is a persistent notion, assiduously cultivated by the Left, that Taft is an isolationist. He is no more an "isolationist" than he is a "socialist." William Howard Taft was with Woodrow Wilson for the League of Nations against the leaders of his own party in the Senate, and the son actively supported his father at the time. Twenty-five years later he voted for the United Nations.

Taft was strongly against our involvement in the last war — just as much, he points out, as were "President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie in the campaign of 1940." His differences with Roosevelt, before Pearl

Harbor, lay in his disapproval of "the President's persistent efforts after the election to involve us in a war while professing a policy of peace." That is why in August 1940 Taft voted against the draft of 250,000 men. He felt that a drive for voluntary enlistments could easily yield that many men. And he was against the extension of the draft before Pearl Harbor because that would have broken the promise to many draftees that they would be in the service only one year. In each case Congress was divided fairly closely.

But during the war Taft voted for every war measure. He even refrained from criticizing the Administration's dangerous policy of giving Stalin everything he wanted — not only industrially and militarily but strategically as well. We gave the Russians over \$11 billion in Lend-Lease, some of which is now being used against us in Korea. We permitted them to enter Berlin and Prague without rhyme, reason or reciprocity. Taft was aware of the dangers of this policy, for he understood that Stalin was conducting two wars in one: one against Hitler at the time, and one in preparation against Western democracy. To be sure, now and then he spoke up, mildly as though for the sake of the record. But he failed to speak out sharply and loudly — to tell the world at the time about the criminal

follies of Teheran and Yalta and Cairo and Potsdam; to give the American people a picture of the ominous future which he himself then realized.

Later Taft voted for the Marshall Plan though he insisted that the originally suggested \$8 billion be cut down to about five. He showed that hundreds of millions of dollars had been earmarked for tobacco, stainless steel for dental chairs, and many other such absurd or unnecessary items to enable Europe to resist Soviet aggression. He believed that we should help Europe mainly to get on her own feet rather than to cater to her politicians, who used us for a pork barrel to play the game of Socialist politics. In voting funds for the Marshall Plan Congress followed Taft rather than Truman.

On the other hand, Taft did endorse completely the Truman Doctrine, which he believed meant the abandonment of Soviet appeasement — not only in Greece and Turkey but everywhere. Finally, in the controversy over Formosa early this year he came out for its defense by our Navy, showing just how much of an "isolationist" he is. As a matter of fact, Taft is far too intelligent to be either "isolationist" or "interventionist." Diplomacy, he thinks, must be realistic and nothing else.

The debate on Formosa signaled the collapse of "bipartisanship" in our foreign policy and the complete bank-

ruptcy of the State Department, especially its Far Eastern Division. The verdict in the Hiss case, the incredible performance of the Tydings committee in investigating Senator McCarthy's charges, the *Amerasia* exposure in the press, dramatized the whole sorry mess, and worse, of our diplomacy of the last five years. Roosevelt's "Great Design" of kidding Stalin into international decency had borne its bitter fruit. We found ourselves at the end of the road which began at Teheran and Yalta and Potsdam. The appeasement of the Kremlin, followed by a policy of inept "containment," was merely wasting American time. We had handed over China to the Communists — a process brilliantly described by Joseph Alsop in three recent articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We permitted the Soviet Union to strengthen its Fifth Column and espionage apparatus in this country. Yet Acheson kept on telling the world that China had the "right" to go Communist if she wanted to, as though that were the issue; that we were not going to defend Formosa and Korea; that we were going to engage in "total diplomacy" but at the same time never permit the world to believe that American "imperialism" would interfere with any "people's rights to self-determination" — the "self-determination" to be dragged behind the Iron Curtain. In effect,

there was no real difference between the Acheson policy and Owen Lattimore's famous memorandum prepared for the guidance of Ambassador Jessup's last Far Eastern tour.

During this same period, between last February and the outbreak of the Korean war, Taft kept pointing out the folly of such an international policy. He didn't do it in full-dress speeches. He did it in his criticisms of Tom Connally, the Administration's wheel horse as Chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee; by backing up Vandenberg and other Republicans on that committee in their growing rebellion against a phony bipartisanship; by his cautious but ever more critical attitude toward the State Department. He had voted for Acheson's confirmation, but as time went on he realized his mistake. He was outraged by the obscene performance of the Tydings Committee. He consulted more and more with other Republicans on matters of foreign policy.

The Kremlin's attack on South Korea dramatically changed the picture. Overnight the President reversed our policy of Soviet appeasement in Korea. He used the Soviet walkout from the Security Council of the United Nations to get the United Nations to declare the Korean outrage an act of aggression. And we went to war under the guise of a

"police action" in behalf of the United Nations. The initial disasters showed how unprepared we were to meet the crisis either psychologically or militarily.

Taft immediately endorsed Truman's stand. He also suggested that Acheson be fired and the State Department be cleaned up, which the politician in Truman has so far refused to do. Then Taft made a speech in the Senate in which he described, with his usual bleak clarity, our whole foreign policy since Yalta. He is still for the defense of Formosa, siding with MacArthur against the State Department. Taft insists that the American people must understand our foreign policy these last five years if they are to meet this greatest crisis in our history. The Voice of America, he feels, must be

heard at home as well as abroad. Taft means to "stand behind the President" — by standing for the country.

Taft may not be the best of politicians, the kind who never let their better natures get the best of them. But he is by temperament an excellent pragmatist, who deals with facts and knows how to interpret them. Moreover, events are forcing him to change from his long preoccupation with domestic problems to a position of leadership on every major issue, at home and abroad.

If he is re-elected to the Senate, as he probably will be, Taft is bound to play a stellar rôle in this greatest crisis of our history. But whatever his rôle, he will always play it in character. The country will always know what he thinks and where he stands — and why.

PHRASE ORIGINS—68

GRINGO: The long-favored romantic explanation of this Mexican term of contempt for Yankees has crumbled before the onslaught of linguistic science. Formerly, it was generally accepted that gringo represented an Hispanicization of the first two words in "Green grow the rushes, O," the old Burns ballad popular around American campfires during the Mexican War. The doughboys sang the song so often, according to this version, that the Mexicans finally applied it to them as a derisive tag. Most authorities agree today, however, that gringo is a modified form of the Spanish griego, or Greek. Foreign tongues were "Greek" to the Mexicans, just as they are to many of us, but gringo became restricted in its application to Americans and Englishmen.

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

COMMUNISM MEANS WAR

BY DAVID J. DALLIN

Not a single high-ranking Communist in the Soviet Union believes in the possibility of a lasting peaceful settlement of the present world-wide contest for power. The only question in the minds of the Soviet leaders is when and where the great conflict will break out. Their certainty is based on an all-encompassing philosophy in which wars are expected to serve as one of the primary levers of history, at least until capitalism's final extinction.

The tremendous militancy of the Soviet government — “dynamism” is the polite new term — stems not from any inherent Russian qualities but from the warlike and messianic ideology of the Communist rulers. To the architects of a world movement that aims to spread its power all over the globe, the future appears as a series of crises, at least some of which must be initiated by war. This Great Transformation will stretch out over a period of fifty years or more filled with wars and revolutions. In Lenin's

time the stress was on revolution; in Stalin's, on war. But the transition has always been conceived as a series of catastrophes, with wars born of revolutions and bearing, in turn, new revolutions. Pacifism has always been emphatically rejected by the Soviet hierarchy. More than that, it has always been viewed with sarcastic contempt. “Peace at any price,” Lenin used to say during the first World War, is a “silly wishful sigh”:

Pacifism and abstract propaganda in favor of peace is one of the means of fooling the working class. Wars are inevitable under capitalism. . . . The party of the working class is obliged to fight against the trends of pacifism and democratism in general.

With characteristic consistency Lenin rejected peace slogans and refused to advocate “premature” peace whenever he thought continued fighting would yield more desirable results. His callous attitude toward the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05 was to become typical of international

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Communist policy a decade or two later. The war against Japan was unpopular then, and successive defeats in the Far East contributed vitally to the outbreak of revolutionary activity in Russia. Political strikes, agrarian disorders, protest rallies and processions followed in rapid succession, until constitutional reforms were promised in October 1905, and the following year the first Duma was convoked. Moderate liberal parties as well as socialist groups were demanding "peace at any price," and were willing to offer Japan far-reaching concessions if the war could be brought to an end. "The cause of Russian liberty and the fight of the Russian working class for Socialism," Lenin argued, "depends in large measure on the military defeats of the autocracy. This cause has gained much from the military débâcle." He wanted the war to continue; war meant sacrifice, but to be influenced by that was to base one's policy on "trivial reasoning."

This attitude toward war springs from the premise that every great war engenders revolution, and that every great revolution is inevitably connected with wars. As Lenin put it: "The world has not known a single great revolution that has not been connected with war. . . . The history of great conflicts, of revolutions, teaches that wars, a series of wars, are inevitable." It would be futile and

foolish to combat inevitability, Lenin concluded. His view was, "Rather than fight it, prepare for it."

Stalin rounded out this theory. He believed that the great social revolution would be drawn out over a longer period of time, a period with ups and downs, tides and ebbs, with revolutions and wars. Like Lenin, he has never condemned military action *per se*. He liked to recall Lenin's division of all wars into "just" and "unjust" conflicts. By definition, all wars waged by the Soviet Union are "just" and "progressive."

In 1950, at the height of the Soviet "peace drive," Stalin found it appropriate to publish for the first time his letter to Maxim Gorki, written back in 1930. At that time the Soviet press had pictured the Western powers (England and France) as feverishly preparing for an armed attack on Russia; the Soviet government stressed, on the other hand, its own "peace-loving" nature and policy. To support this propaganda Maxim Gorki proposed the publication of a monthly magazine which would systematically depict the horrors of war, and he wrote to Stalin about it. The magazine never appeared, for Stalin rejected Gorki's plan with these words:

On the book market there are a multitude of publications describing the "horrors" of war and filling people with disgust toward *any* war, not only

an imperialist, but any other. These are bourgeois-pacifist publications of no great value. . . .

We are not against *every* war. We are *against* an imperialist war, as a counter-revolutionary war. But we are *for* a liberating anti-imperialist revolutionary war, although such a war, as is known, not only is not free from "horrors of bloodshed," but abounds in them.

Neither Lenin nor Stalin ever seriously renounced recourse to aggression, and they never advocated the principle of waging only "defensive wars." There are cases, they have maintained, when a Soviet state must embark on aggressive warfare. It is a mere technicality as to who fires the first shot; *i.e.*, which opponent is the "aggressor." If the cause is righteous, initiative is but a question of expediency. "We would be not only fools but criminals," Lenin said, "if we promised never to commit an act which could be considered aggressive in a military-strategic sense." The theory is that no action of a Soviet government, not even an unprovoked attack, can be termed aggression if the aim of whatever it does or contemplates doing is defense of the oppressed and exploited.

Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader, made the following statement in February 1949: "The Soviet Union can never become an

aggressor in regard to another country. . . . The Soviet army never invaded another country. . . . The land of Socialism cannot conduct a policy of aggression or war, which is characteristic of imperialist powers." M. Thorez studied communism in Moscow when his country was occupied by Germany and certainly knew the facts about Soviet aggression against her neighbors; he is also well acquainted with the doctrine permitting and prescribing aggressive warfare whenever success is likely. What Thorez really meant to say is that Russia is not and cannot be called an aggressor, even when she starts war and pursues a policy of conquest, because she invariably fights for the "high ideals of liberation." Among international Communist leaders Thorez was the first to take this oath of loyalty to the aggressor. He was followed by Togliatti, Mao Tse-tung and the others; it was obvious that the action had been ordered from above. Only Tito, the infidel, stood aloof.

II

The discrepancy between the official peace propaganda of the Soviet government and the bellicose trend in its ideology, between the propaganda of international disarmament and the urge to arm, is reflected by two Soviet agencies — the Foreign Office and the Comintern. The first has served

as the diplomatic fountainhead of "peace" propaganda, while the second has laid down the laws of conduct and told the harsh truth to its adherents. When Litvinov's star was rising in the international sky, peace and disarmament were the "official" order of the day. Litvinov repeatedly stressed the outright repudiation of war by the Soviet Union. As he stated before the Disarmament Conference in February 1932:

The Soviet Union rejects war as an instrument of national policy. It sees no need for the creation of armed force. . . . The only aim of the Soviet government is the building of socialism on the territory of the Soviet Union. . . . To realize these aims, the USSR needs neither to aggrandize its territory nor to intervene in the affairs of other nations; and it has no need for an army, navy, aviation, or any other armed force.

These statements succeeded in creating the impression that Soviet Russia would never fight unless attacked; that of all nations it was the most "peace-loving." But the real attitude of every loyal Communist toward disarmament was based inalterably upon the program of the Communist Party as conceived by Lenin. This program not only rejected disarmament (in a "capitalist world") but it demanded rearming to fight the "world's bourgeoisie": "The Com-

munist Party emphatically rejects the reactionary illusions of petit-bourgeois democrats to achieve disarmament under capitalism. It juxtaposes . . . the slogan of crushing the resistance of exploiters, of a fight to the victory over the bourgeoisie of the whole world, both in internal civil wars and international wars."

The resolutions of the Sixth Congress of the Communist International in 1928 were contrary to what Litvinov was preaching. Stalin had just climbed the last rungs of the ladder to undisputed rule and mastery. Trotsky had just been exiled to Central Asia and his followers were being persecuted. Zinoviev and Kamenev had lost influence. The new congress of the Comintern was Stalin's congress. To this very day its resolutions serve as official instructions to Communists in case of war. They frankly stated that wars, defensive and offensive, were "inevitable," "revolutionary," and therefore "necessary":

The Soviet Union harbors no illusions as to the possibility of durable peace. . . . Wars between proletarian and bourgeois states will necessarily and inevitably arise.

Formal indications, such as offensive or defensive war, cannot serve as a test to determine the nature of war. Communism has to combat all high-sounding phrases like "we shall never permit another war," "no more war."

Leninism combats all pacifist theories concerning the abolition of war. . . . Wars of proletarian dictatorship against world capitalism are inevitable and revolutionary.

Blind loyalty was henceforth expected from all Communist parties in case of Russian involvement in war. No matter what the cause of the conflict or who had started it — automatically Communists all over the world were to rally to the support of the Soviet armies. They were pledged to put party discipline above loyalty or duty to their own countries.

III

In the thirty years between 1920 and 1949 Soviet Russia has been involved in six foreign wars. Of these, four were offensive wars; the other two started as defensive and turned into offensive wars. Only once was an actual declaration of war issued.

In 1920 the young Soviet state had to fight its first really international war. Under Joseph Pilsudski, Poland had concluded an alliance with Ukrainian leaders and, rejecting Lenin's peace moves, had invaded Russia. At first, victorious Polish troops marched deep into the Ukraine, but the Poles were inexperienced and poorly-equipped and had to retreat in the face of Soviet counterattacks. When the Red army approached Warsaw, Lloyd George proposed that

peace be concluded on terms which would have been exceedingly favorable to Russia. The Russo-Polish border was to run approximately along the line which was later established in 1945. Thus, almost all of Eastern Poland would have been ceded to Soviet Russia, which was more than Russia, exhausted and devastated after six years of warfare, could have hoped for. But Lenin rejected the British offer and decided to fight for Warsaw, to sovietize Poland, and to drive further into the west, on to Germany. The war of defense became a war of offense, with Germany as the chief goal. The decision to reject the peace offer was taken on Lenin's initiative and was supported by Stalin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev. Its leading opponents were Leon Trotsky, Alexei Rykov, and Karl Radek (of these three only Trotsky belonged to the Politburo). Somewhat later Lenin explained his motives: he had hoped to break through Poland to Germany and give the Western powers a "decisive battle": "If Poland had become a Soviet state, if the workers of Warsaw had received from Soviet Russia the help they expected and hailed, the Treaty of Versailles and the entire international system would have been shattered."

But Warsaw did not fall. The Red army was miraculously repulsed, and Moscow soon had to sign an armistice

and then an unfavorable peace treaty. Trying to explain away this failure, Stalin later accused Trotsky and Marshal Tukhachevsky of faulty strategy in the Polish campaign. But the Polish war had provided a precedent, created by Lenin, which was incorporated into the stock-in-trade of Communist philosophy. The conception arose that the Soviet state was entitled to conduct offensive wars — that *any* war waged by a government dedicated to the cause of socialist liberation (as understood by Moscow) is *ipso facto* “just.”

In 1929 the Soviet Union waged its second war, this one at the border of Manchuria during the perennial controversy about the Chinese Eastern Railway. Having secured the support of Chiang Kai-shek, Chang Hsueh-liang, the Manchurian “Young Marshal,” seized the Russo-Chinese railroad on Manchurian territory. The action reflected an upsurge of national pride and self-assurance on the part of the Chinese; it was provoked by age-old humiliations and inequitable treaties. But once having acquired possession of the railway, the Chinese had no reason to start military operations; at first, there was no shooting.

Moscow had to decide whether to haul China before an international tribunal, with all the legalistic delays and dangers involved in such a pro-

cedure, or whether to resort to military force. The Soviet government had only recently agreed to the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war as an instrument of national policy. But three months later, when several diplomatic exchanges proved futile, the Soviet army struck. At the same time, Moscow rejected all attempts at mediation. The fighting cost thousands of lives before the Chinese yielded. The Soviet objective — a railway running over foreign soil — as well as the military pressure applied, gave clear evidence that Moscow had by no means discarded war as an instrument for attaining its goals.

IV

In the fall of 1939 the Soviet government waged its third war. Poland had already been invaded by Germany when the Soviet forces finally crossed the Polish border. The action was justified by Vyacheslav Molotov, who declared a little prematurely that “the Polish state has ceased to exist.” The Soviet aim, he said, was to liberate the Ukrainians and Byelorussians residing in Poland. This was an instance of “national goals” being attained by means of war. Military operations lasted only a few days, and Eastern Poland was incorporated into the Soviet Union.

Only two months passed between the Polish campaign and the attack on

Finland, the fourth Soviet war. Once again Moscow provided a clear-cut sample of offensive warfare, though it tried hard to dodge the blame by announcing that the first seven shots had been fired from the Finnish side, that Russian soldiers had been killed, and that an insurrectionist Finnish government had been formed under Otto Kuusinen. The Soviet government never formally declared war on Finland, alleging that it was just giving assistance to its Finnish Communist allies. But the pretexts and excuses did not ring true. The facts were too obvious. After more than three months, the war ended in a Soviet victory.

Then came the fifth and greatest war waged by the Soviet Union, the bloodiest and most grueling war in Russian history. The war against Germany was defensive, although when Hitler declared war he claimed that Soviet preparations for an attack on Germany were in an advanced stage. Since the war, well-informed former Soviet officials have actually confirmed this fact, but it does not minimize the aggressive character of Germany's attack; nor is it likely that Stalin would have attacked Hitler before German military power had greatly declined. Indeed, for at least three years, the Soviet war against Germany was a war of defense. In 1944, however, its character changed.

As Allied military operations gained strength, old slogans were revived in Moscow: the war must be "carried to the enemy's territory" and the army must help "increase the number of Soviet republics." During this last stage of the fighting a change in terms was deemed opportune: the transformations were not into "Soviet republics" but into "people's democracies."

The war against Japan was the sixth and, thus far, the last war fought by the Soviet Union. For Russia it was separate from World War II, since the war in Europe ended early in May 1945 and not until August 9 did Russian troops cross the border into Manchukuo. The attack was a pure example of an offensive war, fought to attain "national goals." Japan had really been defeated before Russia joined in the conflict, and six days later Tokyo capitulated. The war was short, and victory was cheap. But the evolution of Soviet concepts, goals and programs was revealed in the one week of fighting. The "Japanese danger" was not cited as the reason for the Soviet declaration of war, as broadcast over the Moscow radio; nor could President Truman's request to Russia to join in an Allied campaign justify the new campaign. The considerable acquisitions promised at Yalta remained secret. But matters had advanced so far that a real ex-

planation was no longer needed. The Soviet notion of patriotism and of the citizen's duties toward his country had reverted to the standards of old Russia. The acquisition of Chinese ports, the removal of industrial machinery to Russia and forced labor by Japanese civilians were approved because they appeared to benefit Russia. Territories with non-Russian population were annexed, contrary to the earlier promises of Moscow.

v

For many years Moscow considered England its foremost international foe. Soviet propaganda was directed primarily against British imperialism; in the Near and Far East revolutionary movements of "colonial and semi-colonial" peoples were expected to shatter the might of the British Empire; the disintegration of the Empire and a weakening of British influence would pave the way for Communism's advance. When Germany surrendered, it seemed that the goal had been reached. After six years of war England emerged impoverished, exhausted, battered militarily as well as politically; centrifugal movements plagued the old Empire, and within a few years the total population of her possessions sank from some 500 to 100 millions. Official Russia viewed with satisfaction this fulfillment of its hopes.

It was a historical paradox, however, that this obvious weakening of the main "enemy" was accompanied by a sudden growth of another anti-Soviet power, far stronger and richer than the British Empire had ever been. The vacuum created by Britain's recoil was filled not by the Soviet Union but by another Anglo-Saxon anti-Communist power. While Britain's manpower and resources, which had played so considerable a rôle in European and non-European wars, were those of one island in the Atlantic, the United States was a great continental nation with a population three times as large as that of Britain. British industry had supplied material to its allies in every war. Now the United States took over this function, and her industry greatly exceeded that of Britain, both in quantity and quality. In the past, British gold, loans, and subsidies had helped cement international coalitions and war alliances under British leadership: they seemed trifling compared to the American resources thrown onto the scales. Unlike the British Empire, the United States was not torn asunder by divergent national movements, diversity of languages, and separatist demands. The Soviet Union, which had also grown in power and prestige during the last decade, was face to face with a new leader in world affairs, more formidable than Britain.

The only significant weakness of the United States, as compared with Britain, was its lighthearted, almost sentimental approach to international affairs — a vestige of the days when America was far from the boiling kettle of the Old World, when her attitude was of little consequence in international politics and she could still afford the luxury of isolationism without jeopardizing her own security. Moscow made ample use of these weak spots of American policy.

Unlike London's cynical and experienced approach to foreign affairs, the United States continued to believe in "sincere and open" diplomacy and in all earnestness toyed with slogans such as "peace-loving nations" and "big power harmony." Washington wanted to believe in Moscow's honest devotion to the principles of the United Nations and its magnificent Charter. It simply could not conceive of a great nation, only yesterday an ally, systematically preparing for an "inevitable war." "Let us trust Russia," Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt declared while still the First Lady; "perhaps Russia will trust us." And President Truman stated, "Joseph Stalin is a prisoner of the Politburo." It was this difficulty of comprehension that made American policy appear disoriented, inconsistent, and, to the countries of Western Europe, unreliable.

The Soviet Government, without

bringing things to a head, managed to take over Poland in the summer of 1945, the Balkans in 1946, Hungary in 1947, and Czechoslovakia in 1948; in 1947-48 its satellite in North Korea was established as a separate state, while the Communist armies in China took over all of Northern China down to the Yangtse river. The native costumes cloaking these Soviet operations in both West and East could never have deceived the well-trained English eye; for a time, however, they readily divided American public opinion, paralyzed the conduct of her foreign affairs, and enabled the Politburo to realize its principal objective — the tremendous expansion of the Soviet sphere on the Eurasian continent, without recourse to war.

And then came the Korean campaign, based on the same assumption — that the United States is politically weak, while the other nations are tired and impotent; that the immense industrial potential of the West is decimated by its political disorientation; and that, on the other hand, the military and industrial potential of the Soviet Union is tremendously augmented by its political guerrilla forces operating in the enemy's rear. In the Soviet view this is no simple war but part of a social revolution, a combination of a civil war with an international war; in such a conflict the

Soviet side deems itself superior to the non-Soviet combination. "After the victory of Communism in China," the late George Dimitrov stated, "the world balance of forces has shifted to the Communist side." It is this new feeling of superiority that has moved the Kremlin to initiate the Korean campaign. But this erroneous notion of superiority may become as fatal as similar notions held by many of the great warriors in world history.

ORPHEUS AND THE MAIDENS

BY VINCENT M c HUGH

Women are the perfect monsters

No scorpion, serpent or wolf
dares to outdo their quick vindictiveness
Alive with hate
in all the lighted branches of the veins
they store up poison like the snake
in the cold secret of hearts and reins

Witches no legend, nor the succubi
the hands turned to claws
the teeth to fangs
the catastasic passion bent to strike
back on its deliverer

Beware dreams
of women sliding in gentle water,
smiling

Beware love
that brims the body up like a sorrowful hero
open to every wound

And beware the night
where women have their tender habitation

It is a long time to the dawn

GENERAL SARNOFF MEETS THE PRESS

Brigadier General David Sarnoff is chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, and is a recognized authority in his field. On a recent NBC telecast of Meet the Press, he discussed the programs of the Voice of America and related topics, and his remarks are here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the telecast, aside from General Sarnoff, were Ben Gross of the New York *Daily News*, Ernest K. Lindley of *Newsweek* magazine, Warren Moscow of the New York *Times*, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Martha Rountree, producer of *Meet the Press*, presided.

SPIVAK: We hear talk, General, of spending millions of dollars to build transmitters in order to send messages to Russia and her satellites, but aren't there very, very few sets in Russia and the satellite countries, and how are we going to remedy that situation?

SARNOFF: I don't know that there is a complete remedy for it that I can suggest today, but I think that there are methods by which we can penetrate the iron curtain and get our message through and gradually build up a larger audience.

SPIVAK: As I understand it there are about three million sets in Russia, and probably many less than that

in the satellite countries. Is there any way at all of breaking through that iron curtain that you know that we haven't used?

SARNOFF: I think that it is possible to build a miniature radio receiver which in very large quantities could be built for as little as \$2 apiece and I think that they could be made available to the people behind the iron curtain. They could be gotten in there and that would mean personal reception by the individual, a much safer and probably a much more impressive method of receiving our message than having receivers in their homes.

SPIVAK: When you say they can be built you mean they can be built on paper? Is that a theory or can you really build sets for \$2 in practice and can you get them in there?

SARNOFF: Well, those are two questions, Mr. Spivak. So far as the first is concerned, I believe they can be built. I have had several of the best engineers of my company at work on it and, while they have

not yet been actually built in commercial form, enough progress has been made to justify the belief, I think, that they can be built in large quantities and made available. Now as to how to get them in there, there are a number of ways to get these little sets into the satellite nations, and even into Russia, but I think perhaps I should not discuss those ways in an open forum.

GROSS: General, let's assume that there is a way of getting those sets in and let's also assume we can overcome the jamming on the part of the Russians; but as you yourself said in your testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the voice is simply the medium of conveying something. Now my question is, how can we be effective in our Voice of America transmissions until we have a clearly defined foreign policy?

SARNOFF: I think there's a great deal to what you say and certainly your question is a penetrating one. I don't know that I can suggest in a few moments what our foreign policy is, or should be. Nevertheless, the voice is only a reflection of the mind, and the message can be no more effective than the content of the message; the foreign policy involves something more than mere entertainment, information or

news, it means the foreign policy of our country.

GROSS: That is true, but do you think from what you know — and you certainly know as much about it as anyone in the country — that we are actually doing a good job in our Voice of America broadcasts? What about the criticisms of the editorial matter? Mr. David Lawrence pointed out that it is ineffective, it lacks the colloquial approach and doesn't serve the purposes for which we spend our money.

SARNOFF: Let me deal first with the question of the message itself. Recently, when I was before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee testifying on the subject, Senator McMahon asked me that same question. He asked what should we say in our message, and I read you one sentence or two from the reply I made to him: "It seems to me there is no problem in finding the substance of what we should say to the world — we cherish democracy and peace; we have freedom of speech and freedom to listen; we have freedom to worship as we please; we have had individual opportunity to work and to advance; we enjoy the highest standard of living; we have the most prosperous country in the world. We have a great story to

tell and a vital message to deliver to the rest of the world, but we must tell it dramatically and deliver it effectively so that other people can understand us." The message, however, is only good if people listen to it, otherwise it is a voice in the wilderness. No matter how good our message is nobody can listen to it unless we furnish facilities with which to transmit it.

GROSS: That's true, General, and those are beautiful sentences, but I don't think you really answer the question specifically. What I am referring to is this: If you read an editorial in the *New York Daily News* some weeks ago, it quoted verbatim a circular which was distributed by the North Koreans among the American Army, and this circular was intended to cause the American soldiers to desert. Well, it was worded in such a ridiculous manner that the soldiers merely laughed. Now my point is, what about the claims that a great deal of the propaganda that goes over the Voice of America is just as ridiculous to the Russians and those behind the iron curtain?

SARNOFF: All that might be, but call it what you will, you have to begin with the fundamental policy of what the Voice of America should be. If you are asking me, I would say specifically, first, that the

propaganda going on throughout the world by radio stimulated by Russia and aided by her satellites, in large measure, consists of a tissue of lies. The first thing to do is to meet a lie effectively, and that means counter-propaganda, so the first job of the Voice of America is counter-propaganda. Call the message that or call it news, or call it psychological warfare, or call it psychological peacefare, it is no one thing. We must first answer the charges and the lies that are spread about us and then we must tell our own story. Now, when you get into the question of whether we are doing it effectively or not, that goes into the matter of artistry, that goes into the matter of how well the message is being handled.

LINDLEY: General, do you think in view of your comments, private industry has a more important rôle to play in this international broadcasting to sell America's story, or is it something to be done primarily or wholly by the State Department, etc?

SARNOFF: Mr. Lindley, I visualize the functions of the Voice of America to be on a world scale. It is not in my opinion a private enterprise. I think it's going to cost a terrific amount of money. I think it's worth whatever it costs if done

properly. It is not a private industry job but private industry, including the press and motion pictures and others, can make substantial contributions to the effective way of doing it.

LINDLEY: Now to go back to your phrase, "counter-propaganda," you do not mean to imply that in countering the Soviet tissue of lies we should use the same method of the lie? I gather you mean to say we should rely primarily on fact and truth in meeting that answer.

SARNOFF: Certainly I am in favor of sticking to the truth, but the truth has to be transmitted in a way that people can understand and be attracted by it. Naked truth is like a naked body, it isn't as attractive as when it is properly dressed. When you speak of counter-propaganda and truth, we have heard a good deal recently about a campaign of truth. Truth about what? We have got to tell the truth to the Russian people and to the people in the satellite nations about what is going on there; we have got to tell them the truth about themselves, which means debunking the lies which are being told to them.

LINDLEY: Do you see also any rôle for a psychological warfare mechanism such as clandestine radio, that might not always tell the truth?

SARNOFF: I certainly see a place for clandestine radio and other methods of communication. I would utilize any means of communication that was necessary in order to penetrate the iron curtain, but I don't think that propaganda necessarily needs to be defined as lying. Propaganda means the selection of various parts of news and facts, and the proper handling of it. In the long run you can't survive with lies, but on the other hand, truth by itself is insufficient, there must be a policy behind that truth.

Moscow: I've always understood propaganda was what the other fellow said you didn't like, so there's no point in our getting into an argument over propaganda. I want to find out what, if anything, we are getting into the satellite countries and Russia today. Do we have any figures at all to indicate how much our broadcasts are listened to?

SARNOFF: I haven't the figures, Mr. Moscow, but the State Department has figures about how wide their circulation is.

Moscow: Do they show effective jamming?

SARNOFF: Yes, there is effective jamming on the part of the Russians particularly.

Moscow: And there are also fears on the part of the Russians of being

caught listening in on a Voice of America broadcast?

SARNOFF: Well, there might be, but that wouldn't prevent them from listening in. There are people in Russia listening to American broadcasts today and certainly we must not confine the efforts of the Voice of America solely to Russia.

Moscow: That's the question I'm coming to. Wouldn't we be better off gearing up and increasing our propaganda efforts to the part of the world that is not yet under Russian control, but which may come under Russian control if the Soviet communist theory is allowed to go unchallenged — India and places like that?

SARNOFF: My suggestions never were limited to Russia. When I speak of a world-wide broadcasting system for the Voice of America I don't confine it to Russia. It's important, I think, to get our story across even in occupied countries like Germany and Japan, and certainly in Asia, and there are many places in the world where the problem of getting into the country is not a problem at all.

LINDLEY: How would you say our foreign broadcasting program today compares in volume with that of the Soviet Union?

SARNOFF: I would say it compares adversely. I think the Soviet Union

broadcasts considerably more than the United States; in fact, as matters stand today, the Soviet Union is first, Great Britain is second, France is third, and the United States is last in the number of program hours per week.

LINDLEY: You say that Russia, Britain and France all have bigger foreign broadcasting programs than the Voice of America. How big a program would you get out of that \$200 million capital investment that you suggested a few weeks ago in testifying before a committee of Congress?

SARNOFF: The size of the program would be immeasurably increased because the number of transmitters that would be sending it out would be increased. I do not limit that capital investment to the whole problem of radio and the Voice of America because I think there are other ways besides using our own facilities. I think we should, for example, utilize the facilities of our friends abroad, the British Broadcasting Company, which faces the same world problem, to an extent, that we do. They have a world-wide system of broadcasting. I see no reason why we shouldn't make arrangements with them to use an hour or two a day or night with their facilities to tell the story of the Voice of America. The same

in France and other parts of the world.

LINDLEY: In what areas would you say our foreign broadcasting program is the weakest today? I don't know whether that question will suggest what I really want to find out, but where do we need to build up most?

SARNOFF: Strangely enough I think we need to build up most where we assume we are most understood. I think that we ought to do a whole lot more inside Germany than we are doing. I think we ought to do a whole lot more inside Japan than we are doing. Certainly our weakest point is in Asia at the present time, but all through Europe the Voice of America is still in large measure the Whisper of America, and it is not merely size, but it is quantity, it is continuous repetition, it is the use of every known facility to get our message through; and that means not only radio, but it also means the press, it also means the motion pictures. I'd say, for example, that the position of the United States is as little understood inside France as it is in more inaccessible countries of the world — and there's a great broadcasting system there that also can be employed for the Voice of America.

GROSS: General, you testified before

the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that not only in those countries you just mentioned, but even here in South America, the Russian signal comes over much clearer than the American signal.

SARNOFF: Right.

GROSS: Why don't we do something about that?

SARNOFF: I recommended that we do increase our facilities and the power of our equipment so that we can put in as good a signal as the Russians, or a better one.

GROSS: Even assuming you got the best signal in the world, as long as you do not have freedom to listen, how are you going to get this message across? And if you do get it across, how are you going to convince these people behind the iron curtain, who are so impregnated with propaganda, that what we are saying is not mere counter-propaganda but has an element of truth in it?

SARNOFF: Let's break that question down into its constituent elements. First of all, there is freedom to listen in South America, so if you have the right signals the problem you mention is solvable as to South America; in fact, it is nonexistent on the receiving end. You merely have to get a good signal and, I agree, a good message. There is no difficulty in getting reception in

German and in Japan and France, for example, and other countries of Europe. There is a large area in the world where people are free to receive and where we should be able to transmit. Now, when you come to the question of the message, I'd just like to read you one sentence out of the recent testimony of General Marshall. He was asked that same question about propaganda and the truth. He said: "The fundamental guiding principle is that we confine ourselves to the truth. Just what particular truth, and what particular time, what particular quantity, and how to put it out is a technical question for experts."

SPIVAK: General Eisenhower and Bernard Baruch thought we ought to take the propaganda out of the State Department altogether, while of course Dean Acheson insisted it stay there. What do you think? Do you think it can be best handled there or that we ought to create an independent organization to handle it?

SARNOFF: I think, first, with regard to the size of the job and the small appropriations the State Department has received so far to do it, it isn't fair to criticize the State Department too severely for the job it has done. I think on the whole it has done, and now Mr.

Barrett is doing, a very good job, but I regard the job as truly too large for this setup. It depends entirely on what our objective is. If it is to be as small an affair as it is today I wouldn't take it out of the State Department.

SPIVAK: Do you think it ought to be a small affair?

SARNOFF: No, I think it ought to be a large affair, world-wide in scope. It ought to be effective, do all the things you gentlemen have suggested, and if that is the purpose I think it ought to be set up outside the State Department as a separate organization headed by a man of cabinet rank who would assist in making foreign policy as well as interpreting it, but under any circumstances it is necessary that the functions of the Voice of America coördinate with the foreign policy of the State Department.

Moscow: General, you were quoted recently as saying television should be, could be, and would be, used in war even to the point of bringing battles back on the screen to the domestic public. Would you enlarge on that a bit? How censorship would be imposed and whether or not it's practical in the immediate future?

SARNOFF: In the immediate future, or rather at the present time I'd say there's no way of bridging the

Atlantic or Pacific Oceans with a television signal. You'd have to wait until you supplied a radio relay system to carry the television signal across the ocean, and that is technically feasible. I believe television will play a very important rôle; it is playing an important rôle in the equipment and munitions that are being used in war, and more and more television will be useful in tactical operations.

Moscow: But not from the audience point of view?

SARNOFF: From the audience point of view, if you are able to see what goes on on the battlefield the question of censorship is a matter for the commander on that battlefield. He will be able at all times to determine whether or not he wants the camera to pick up what is going on and transmit it, and I suppose at that time the same sort of considerations will govern television as governed the transmission of broadcasting from the battlefield the first time.

Moscow: What about the views and equipment involved, bringing tank battles to the breakfast table, is that good or bad?

SARNOFF: If it is a winning battle I certainly think it would be good.

LINDLEY: Have you made an estimate, even in a preliminary way, of the possible cutback in television

set production that may be necessary as a result of the program of military expansion that is now starting?

SARNOFF: I have made no estimate because the pattern has not yet emerged, but I do know that the electronics industry as a whole is in a much better position to take on additional work now than at the beginning of World War II.

GROSS: General, let's come back to the Voice of America. Do you as a man who is generally recognized as a great expert in the field, honestly think that it is doing a good job in spreading throughout the world American ideas of democracy and liberty?

SARNOFF: I believe, Mr. Gross, that it is not spreading any ideas over the world sufficiently because of the limitation of facilities. Now as to the extent of those limitations I think that the Voice of America is doing a fair job. I do not want to undertake to convey the impression that I am listening to the programs of the Voice of America. You know as much about that as I do; but on the whole, and speaking of the present administration of the Voice of America, I think they are doing a fair job, but can do a much better job than is being done.

GROSS: I'm not speaking of technical faults, I'm speaking of content.

Why aren't they doing a better job?

SARNOFF: Because I don't think they have been given clear enough directives of what our foreign policy should be in the matter of exposition.

GROSS: Then you think if we do have a clearly defined foreign policy the Voice will improve and can't improve until then?

SARNOFF: I certainly do, and I think it is incumbent on us to lay down a specific policy of what it is we want to say to our friends and those whom we believe to be our friends. We haven't any quarrels with the peoples of the world, it is their leaders; and we have to tell the peoples of the satellite and puppet countries the truth about their own situation, not merely the truth about ourselves.

SPIVAK: General, in a campaign of

truth don't our actions speak louder than our words, or at least as loud? Hasn't our trouble in Asia been much wrong action rather than insufficient propaganda?

SARNOFF: No, I wouldn't think so. I think it's been an uncertain policy, but it has been an uncertain world and it is easier to see now what the policy might have been than it was then. I agree with you in the long run our protestations of policy must be matched by our deeds.

SPIVAK: What we say to the Koreans isn't nearly as important as what we are doing, for example.

SARNOFF: But it is important that what the Russians say to the Koreans should not be accepted by the Koreans as the only thing that can be said.

ROUNTREE: I'm sorry to interrupt, but our time is up.

PHRASE ORIGINS—69

TOADY: A toady, a shortened form of "toad-eater," is a contemptible being, a servile, cringing and fawning flatterer. In selling their nostrums and panaceas, the quacks and mountebanks of old employed the services of an attendant who ate or pretended to eat toads. Then as a come-on these attendants would take their masters' remedies and smile with relief when the remedy worked. Fielding explains the transferred meaning of the word "toady" in Peter Simple: "people who are in a state of dependence are forced to do the most nauseous things that can be thought on, to please and humour their patrons."

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



RANDOM AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MY INTRODUCTION to play reviewing occurred on the night of January 29, 1906. The exhibit was a melodrama by Lincoln J. Carter called *Bedford's Hope*; the producers were Stair and Havlin; and the site was the old Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York. I was a cub on the staff of the James Gordon Bennett *Herald* and had been drafted by the drama department to serve as a fourth-string reviewer, since in those days there were sometimes three or four, indeed even five or six, openings on a single evening. On my return to the office, Thomas White, chief of the department, asked me, before I sat down to confect my review of the show, what my opinion on it was. I replied that it seemed to me to be an excellent melodrama of the blood-and-thunder species and that the audience had stood up and cheered it.

White received the news with a superior and pitying smile. "Young man," he said, "no melodrama can possibly be as good as you say, and consequently don't say it in your notice." I said it nevertheless to the extent of some eight hundred words which, when they appeared in print the next morning, were not only cut down to about a hundred but drastically edited.

While White was nominally the *Herald's* first-line drama critic, the factual first-stringer at the time was John Logan and I inquired of him if what happened to my copy was a common procedure on the paper. "Always remember," he whimsically replied, "that the *Herald* is a very fashionable paper and that nothing that takes place below Twenty-third street can ever be much good."

* * *

When I shortly thereafter concluded that magazines would probably suit my purposes better than the *Herald*,

I found myself commissioned as a writer on the theatre for *The Bohemian* and *Outing*, both published by the same firm. Just what *Outing*, a periodical devoted to sports and the wide, open spaces, was going to do with pieces about the theatre, I could not figure out and so duly intimated to my friend, Lynn Wright, the editor. "If you can't figure it out, how do you expect me to?" replied the amiable Wright. The result was that, after some nose-scratching, I concocted a series of articles on the outdoor life of celebrated actors of the period. Since none of them that I could discover had any outdoor life other than that involved in going from their hotels to the theatre and back again, I simply gathered together all the "stills" I could lay hands on which showed them in *al fresco* scenes from the plays in which they had appeared — plays like *Pierre of the Plains*, *The Royal Mounted*, *Brown of Harvard*, *The Roundup*, and the like — and shamelessly offered the photographs as the real thing.

Since there were no complaints from readers, it looked as if sportsmen never went to the theatre.

* * *

The loyalty of the English to their leading actors and actresses was brought home to me when, in the early Thirties, I served at Lord Beaverbrook's invitation as guest critic in

London for his *Daily Express*. My free criticism of some of these favorites was looked at askance by many, including quite a few of the London critics, and I could feel their resentment however deftly they concealed it. Though the paper generously gave me full rein and offered no comment on my criticisms, I asked my friend, Beverley Baxter, then editor of the paper, why it was that the players were held so sacred. "London," he confided to me, "isn't a city of millions. It is really a city of only about a thousand who form a kind of circle and are friends. And one doesn't criticize one's friends, including as they do the actors and actresses in question."

* * *

In the years when I was writing criticism for *Vanity Fair*, among a half dozen other magazines, there was but one instance when Frank Crowninshield, the genial editor, asked me if I would mind altering a line in my copy. I had referred, in connection with a dirty play featuring a leading actress who was out of her element in such surroundings, to an outhouse with a star cut into its door. "Please, dear boy!" protested the punctilious Crownie. So I compliantly changed it to an outhouse with a crescent.

Crownie got many indignant letters from Mystic Shriners complaining that their order had been insulted.

My old side-kick, Mencken, has always protested in print that he could not abide the theatre in any shape or form, yet I have never known a man who enjoyed its comedians more than he has. He has laughed so uproariously at the likes of Moran and Mack, Bobby Clark, Lew Dockstader, and most of the rest of them that the tears have run down his cheeks and wet his collar limp. He once, indeed, cabled me from London, while on holiday, that Bobby Howes was the greatest thing in England and entertained him more than all the English literary humorists lumped together. He also, by the way, wrote the first books in this country testifying to an admiration of the two European playwrights, Ibsen and Shaw.

* * *

Gertrude Hoffman, a vaudeville dancer, some thirty-odd years ago under Morris Gest's sponsorship put on an exaggeratedly bawdy version of *Scheherazade*, with herself as the principal hoofer, at the Winter Garden. In a review of it, I made sport of the exhibit's artistic pretensions and observed that I had not known until now that Fanny Hill was an Arabian. The police descended on the show soon after and Gest, a hysterical creature, attributed their action to what I had written. "The next time I see you," he telegraphed me, "I'm going to break your nose into a thou-

sand pieces." I replied, "If you succeed in doing so, you will demonstrate all the genius which you regrettably have failed to indicate, despite your conviction to the contrary, in the theatre. My nose is a little one and five hundred pieces at most would be the limit of its possible liquidation."

* * *

Were it not for the ethics and obligations of dramatic criticism, I might be a rich man. Among the play scripts I have found and have recommended to one producer or another have been, among others, O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, which after being spurned by the late Edgar Selwyn was turned over by me to Arthur Hopkins who produced it; Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*; Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*; Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, with the recommendation that Laurette Taylor, who had not acted for many years, be cast in the rôle for which the producers had tentatively chosen Jane Cowl; Maurine Watkins' satirical farce, *Chicago*; and, to the late John D. Williams, the W. S. Maugham story, *Miss Thompson*, which I had published in *The Smart Set*, co-edited with Mencken, and which Maugham believed would never make a play but which seemed to me to be almost a play as it stood. All these proved successful and made a lot of money, yet I could not, de-

spite my belief in them, invest in them, since it is expected of a critic that he be financially immaculate in his relations with the theatre. (The Philadelphia tryout of *Rain*, as the dramatization of *Miss Thompson* was called, was a complete box-office failure and anyone who had faith in the play, as I still did after seeing it there on the opening night, could have had a quarter interest in it for \$2500. It eventually netted something like a million.)

I am presently of the opinion that, if properly cast and directed, O'Casey's *Purple Dust* and Maurice Donnay's free version of *Lysistrata*, among several other plays, would also make money.

On the other side, I suggested the production of Carroll's *The White Steed* which, though it ran for six months, merely broke a little better than even; along with Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song* which, while it got some excellent notices, didn't make anybody rich.

* * *

While lunching one day many years ago in London with Charles Cochran, he observed to Maurice Baring and myself that he much wanted us to meet a very beautiful and charming girl who was to be his guest in his private box a week hence at Eleonora Duse's first performance of *Così Sia* and would we join him. Just before

the curtain rose, a wheel-chair was rolled into the box and in it was the lovely, still youthful and radiant girl he had mentioned: the 70-year-old Ellen Terry.

* * *

I served as a witness for Eugene O'Neill in the suit brought against him for alleged plagiarism of his drama, *Strange Interlude*. In the course of examination by the attorney for the plaintiff, one Cohalan, I testified that O'Neill, some years before he wrote the play, had outlined to me its theme, plot and general treatment. "Where did this take place?" Cohalan asked me. I replied that O'Neill was living at the time in the old Lafayette Hotel in University Place, that he had started the outline there, and had expanded on it during the walk to an oyster house on Sixth avenue in the neighborhood of Sixteenth street, where we had a dinner engagement with a mutual friend.

"There was a bar in that restaurant, wasn't there?" observed the interrogator. I answered that there was. "And you and O'Neill, with your friend, did some drinking there?" he continued. I allowed that he was correct in his surmise. "What did you drink?" he questioned. "Three Old-Fashioned cocktails apiece," I apprised him. "What else?" he asked. "Nothing else at the bar," I replied, "but at dinner we engaged two bot-

bles of Orvieto and rounded off with a couple of Remy Martin brandies each." "Did you then return once again to the bar?" he pursued. I said, yes, we had. "And what did you drink?" he went on. "Two Old Oscar Pepper highballs apiece," I volunteered.

A look of triumph crossed Cohalan's features. "And still," he shouted in my face, "after all those drinks, enough to make any man drunk, you say that your memory was so good that you remembered exactly the conversation you allege O'Neill had with you on a walk immediately previous!"

"If," I replied, "I can recall exactly the number and character of the drinks, which you assert were enough to intoxicate anyone, why should I not be able to recall exactly a conversation before I had so much as even one?"

* * *

Speaking of plagiarism in general, Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes close to forty years ago wrote a comedy, *The Boomerang*, which was successfully produced by Belasco and which bore a suspicious resemblance to a story called *D.S.W.* which I had written and published in *The Smart Set* magazine two or three years earlier. When, in a review of the play, I commented on the fact, Smith wrote to me that on his word of honor

he had not read the story and hoped I would believe him. Since he had the reputation of being an honest man, I did.

* * *

Still speaking of the same subject, I have nevertheless, I fear, occasionally been a considerable critical nuisance in one quarter or another. In a review of the great hit, *Lightnin'*, in which Frank Bacon, the co-author, scored the success of his life, I pointed out that the character he played, along with some of the lines, was a direct plagiarism of the character in Austin's *Tennessee's Pardner* which he had played many years before. The consequence was a forced settlement with the Austin estate. In a review of A. E. Thomas' *The Rainbow*, produced by Henry Miller and acted by him and Ruth Chatterton, I noted that the play, offered as original, was really on the whole a French comedy called *Mon Père*.

During the first World War, a play called *Such Is Life*, credited to Harold Owen, an Englishman who had collaborated on the popular melodrama, *Mr. Wu*, was presented in New York. It was, I observed, save for a few such minor alterations as the re-naming of the characters and localities, a direct copy of a German play by Lothar Schmidt called *Das Buch Einer Frau* (*The Book of a Woman*). Avery Hopwood's *Double Exposure*, I embar-

rassed the producers by pointing out, was largely the German von Scholz's *Changed Souls*; *The Blue Pearl*, credited on the playbill to Anne Crawford Flexner, was, I gadflyed, actually a translation of the Friedmann-Frank Viennese comedy, *The Blue Crocodile*; *The Riddle: Woman*, offered as the work of a celebrated Danish dramatist, one C. Jacobi, was, I disclosed, really the work of the well-known

Hungarian, Rudolf Jakobi; *Beggar on Horseback*, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, owed a lot, I discovered, to Paul Apel's satirical play, *Hans Sonnenstösser's Trip to Hell*; Alan Jay Lerner's book for *Brigadoon*, was derived in full detail, I announced, from Friedrich Wilhelm Gerstäcker's *Germelshausen*; and so on, and so on.

No wonder there are no loving cups on my mantel.

CITY CATS

BY FRANCES FROST

Some city cats are dapper, sleek,
bright-eyed, in neat adventurous fettle.
Descending fire escapes, they move
disdainfully down steps of metal.
Pursuing sundry joys, they pause
to sample a neighbor's window kettle,
ignore a backyard skirmish, having
far more distinguished scores to settle.

Some city cats are rakish-eared,
fellows who hurtle hell-for-leather
toward open garbage cans, who don't
give an old whisker-twitch for weather.
They stalk slant roofs, back fences, gutters,
they make the whole dim city quiver
when, drunk on love and living, they
and the tipsy stars all sing together.

MACARTHUR: MAN OF CONTROVERSY

BY CORNELIUS RYAN

Not long ago General Douglas MacArthur included an important paragraph in a special message to President Truman: The Far Eastern Command, he said, "until the President's great pronouncement to support the epochal action of the United Nations, had no slightest responsibility for the defense of the free republic of Korea. With the President's decision, it assumed a completely new and added mission."

MacArthur was formally disassociating himself and his command from any previous responsibility and, at the same time, he was answering his critics, who had begun sniping from the sidelines. One armchair strategist, a former Roosevelt cabinet member, Harold L. Ickes, had this to say: "MacArthur was caught in the Philippine islands despite . . . Pearl Harbor. And now, as then, he has been caught flatfooted in Korea . . . it appears the General did not even suspect that the Communists in North Korea were about to strike." Then Ickes put it more bluntly: "Thanks

to General MacArthur, South Korea was ill-prepared to defend herself."

A little checking on the part of MacArthur's critics would have shown that: (1.) MacArthur has had no control over Korea for the past fifteen months; and (2.) Washington had been warned that troops were massing on the Thirty-eighth Parallel, but either the Pentagon or the Administration did nothing about it. As David Lawrence wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "Everybody's business was evidently nobody's business." The Pentagon and the Administration view apparently had been that the Korean peninsula would be virtually impossible to hold against any sort of determined attack. Furthermore, it was felt that economically and politically it was not worth the effort. True, there never was any great enthusiasm in MacArthur's headquarters regarding Korea, but it is unjust to place the entire blame on him. It is a matter of record that for two years MacArthur had been warning of Communist preparedness

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in Asia. "Communism is global," he said, "and Asia covers half the globe." Only recently he had warned of the "predatory international banditry" at work in Asia. His words, like those of many others, fell on deaf ears. So did his plea for more troops, arms, air force and naval units; only the Navy came through with reinforcements.

Controversy is nothing new in the life of General Douglas MacArthur. It has been going on since he was graduated from West Point with the class of 1903. In *Fighter for Freedom* Francis Trevelyan Miller tells of a bitter feud which existed between General Arthur MacArthur, hero of the Aquinaldo insurrection in the Philippines, and Judge William Howard Taft who was later to become President. Miller recounts this story:

It was the custom to invite the cadet's father to sit on the platform and hand the graduation diploma to his son. General Arthur MacArthur sat proudly with the dignitaries waiting for the biggest moment in his life. When Douglas MacArthur stepped forward as Number One man and Cadet First Captain (he was graduating with the highest honors in 25 years of West Point history), Secretary Taft extended the diploma and his hand. Douglas accepted the diploma, ignored the hand, saluted as a soldier, faced about and walked straight to his father, placed the diploma in his father's hand and sat at his feet.

The dramatic, forthright action was typical of the young soldier, but it was only the first of many controversies that would cloud the military canvas of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur.

Today at 70, after the most consistently brilliant career of any American general of the last fifty years, instead of enjoying life in quiet retirement MacArthur is, with one hand, directing the destinies of 82 million Japanese, and, with the other, he is running a war which holds great and terrifying portent for the whole world. Yet this general is as controversial a figure today as he was on his graduation day 47 years ago. He is probably the most beloved and most intensely hated general on the entire American military stage.

There are those who claim that he is a "swashbuckling, overdressed, egotistical, outdated Alexander the Great who thinks he has Deistic qualities," and others describe him as "a modern Julius Caesar radiating glamor like a Barrymore in khaki . . . no coarse, tobacco-stained, whisky-guzzling Ulysses Grant . . . here is a magnificent leader with unrivalled political perception, unequalled military skill."

II

Like all leaders who suddenly find themselves caught squarely in the spotlight of world attention time and

time again, MacArthur will always be subject to adulation and hatred. His every action, word and communiqué increases the fury of the ever-boiling caldron of controversy. Yet one thing stands paramourntly clear: few have ever belittled his military achievements. General George C. Marshall thought of him as "our most brilliant general." The late James Forrestal saw in him "America's beachhead in Asia . . . our greatest strategist." Churchill referred to him as "that glorious commander." Few generals have done so much with so little, as is admitted even by his most hardened critics. It is not therefore his military prowess or generalship which sparks the controversy; it is caused by a number of factors, some of them quite intangible, which make up the general's character.

Some observers have tried to draw comparisons between the late President Roosevelt and General MacArthur. They claim that history will paint Roosevelt as a great world statesman and a bad President; MacArthur, a great general and a bad politician. Perhaps this is so. FDR's saga is more definite. He endeared himself to the great mass of the American public because of his warm personality; they felt close to him, part of him. Not so General MacArthur. Knowingly or unknowingly MacArthur gives the impression of

being a man on a mountain top, so far above his fellow man as to appear quite unapproachable. It is this impression of cold dramatic aloofness which makes him the subject of so much controversy.

Many also cannot forget General MacArthur in full-dress uniform leading troops against the Bonus Marchers in Washington on July 28, 1932. Some of them feel that MacArthur instigated that move. Nothing could be further from the truth. Here for the record is the official order handed to him at 2:55 P.M., that day:

To: General Douglas MacArthur,
Chief of Staff, U. S. Army.

The President has just informed me that the civil government of the district of Columbia has reported to him that it is unable to maintain law and order in the District.

You will have United States troops proceed immediately to the scene of disorder. Coöperate fully with District of Columbia police force which is now in charge. Surround the affected area and clear it without delay.

Turn over all prisoners to the civil authorities.

In your orders insist that any women and children who may be in affected areas be accorded every consideration and kindness. Use all humanity consistent with the due execution of this order.

Patrick J. Hurley,
Secretary of War.

There is evidence that this order was hard for MacArthur to take. But he was a professional soldier; he had his orders and he carried them out. He was thunderously denounced for his participation in the episode, yet it is hard to see just what other course MacArthur could have adopted. We now know that there was shooting before Federal intervention, that the Communists may have instigated the entire disturbance and that President Hoover and Secretary Hurley were acting wholly on the advice of the police chief of the District of Columbia. No justifiable blame can be placed on either the President or his Secretary of War. But neither can it be placed on General MacArthur.

The American public knows MacArthur only in times of crisis. He is a last-stand general, an into-the-breach general who is called upon to perform fantastic miracles with the absolute minimum of men and equipment. He must never make a mistake, for mistakes are not expected of him; he must be far-sighted and shrewd; he must be statesman as well as general. As a result, what would pass unnoticed in another general's theatre of operations becomes a headline in MacArthur's. His every move appears charged with dramatic intensity. True, MacArthur has an excellent sense of timing and knows when to pull back the velvet curtains and

step dramatically into the spotlight. But much of the theatre-charged atmosphere which surrounds him is exaggerated to a great extent by well-meaning but often ill-advised staff officers.

General MacArthur is a stern commander who demands and receives unswerving loyalty. It has been charged therefore that MacArthur likes only "yes" men around him; that those who disagree too violently are cast into exterior darkness. Certainly during World War II certain minor staff officers acted in such idolatrous ways and spoke of the "Old Man" in such honey-dripping terms as to give support to the "yes men" theory. However, this could not be said for men of the caliber of General Kreuger, General Eichelberger, General Thorpe, or General Dyke, to mention just a few. Neither does it hold good today for men such as Lt. General Walton H. Walker, a lusty, colorful tank expert who led General Patton's Twentieth Corps across the battlefields of Europe; nor for General George E. Stratemeyer, commander of the Far East Air Force, who like his predecessor, Lt. General George C. Kenney, is a man with the courage of his own convictions.

Yet bad staff work by one officer, whose name MacArthur has never revealed, resulted in harsh criticism and added yet another chapter to the

MacArthur legend. The incident centered around the famous Leyte speech made when the general stepped onto the invasion beach. Those who were with him say that his voice shook with genuine emotion as he spoke into the microphone:

This is the Voice of Freedom, General MacArthur speaking. . . . I have returned. By the Grace of Almighty God our forces stand again on Philippine soil. The hour of your redemption is at hand. Rally to me! As the lines of battle roll forward to bring you within zones of operation, rise and strike! For your homes and hearths, strike! For future generations of your sons and daughters, strike! In the name of your sacred dead, strike! Let no heart be faint. Let every arm be steel. The guidance of Divine God points the way. Follow in His name to the Holy Grail of righteous victory.

This speech was never intended for U. S. consumption. It was aimed directly at the Filipinos. Yet because of the inefficiency of the undisclosed staff officer who probably thought that every word-pearl dropped from the General's lips should be immediately disseminated, the speech reached the outside world.

MacArthur had no thought in mind other than to rally the Filipinos. He knew the people better than any other living American. Their hero-

worship of his father, General Arthur MacArthur, had been transferred to him from the moment he set foot in the islands, three months after getting his commission as a second lieutenant. The Filipinos, a deeply religious people, had last heard MacArthur's voice three years before from the Voice of Freedom station deep in a tunnel on the rocky fastness of Corregidor. That message had been as dramatic as the Leyte speech: "We shall rise in the name of Freedom and the East shall be alight with the glory of our liberation." They remembered, too, his world-famous "I shall return" speech made when he landed in Australia.

Psychological warfare experts today say that the Leyte speech was precisely the right kind of spirit-lifting and morale-building call to action that the Filipinos needed. It was worth perhaps an extra division of men. With his expert showmanship and richly modulated voice — deep one moment, rising in gradual crescendo the next — he knew best how to use it to lend emphasis to his instructions to the Filipino people. But he was criticized here for too flamboyant prose.

Those who have met and talked with MacArthur will agree that, despite his love for the dramatic, he would not have approved, either officially or unofficially, the release to the world of the Leyte speech. Com-

pare, for example, the straightforward simplicity of his address made after the surrender on board the *Missouri*: "It is my earnest hope, and indeed the hope of mankind, that from this solemn occasion a better world shall emerge out of the blood and carnage of the past—a world founded on faith and understanding—a world dedicated to the dignity of man and the fulfillment of his most cherished wish for freedom, tolerance and justice."

The Leyte speech was jumped on by MacArthur critics. It was denounced as "sacrilegious and uncalled for" by the more charitable; others made it more personal by promptly dubbing him "God's Cousin." He was also criticized, again and again, for public statements in which he insistently invoked the name of the Deity. This, plus his majestic aloofness, gave rise to the famous Marine poem which ended with the verses:

And while possibly a rumor now,
Some day it will be fact
That the Lord will hear a deep voice
say,
Move over, God, it's Mac.

The Navy, too, laid emphasis on the General's "Bible pounding." In a parody on the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* one wit wrote these lines:

Mine eyes have seen MacArthur
With a Bible on his knee,

A typin' out communiqués
For guys like you and me.
"Our heavy bombers hit Rabaul
And God is filled with glee!"
While Mac goes marching on.

In every other theatre of war there were poems of similar character, but nobody paid any attention to them, least of all the staff officers. If the headquarters of Generals Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton, Montgomery *et al* had worried about foxhole parodies they would have had little time to conduct a war. MacArthur, if he knew of the jibes, cared little and probably would have taken them for what they were intended: good-natured kidding. But many junior staff officers let it be quietly known that the "Old Man" highly disapproved, thus increasing the importance and popularity of the stories, and furthering another segment of the legend.

The Air Force is charged with being responsible for the term "Dugout Doug." This was a belittling of MacArthur's courage, and completely unjustified. MacArthur can be criticized for many faults, but certainly not for the lack of personal bravery. He has never been known to wear a helmet, even in World War I, when he was known as the "most daring brigade commander on the Western Front," and won the D.S.C. twice for bravery in action. Like his father before him, MacArthur holds the nation's highest

military distinction, the Congressional Medal of Honor. There was, however, great justification in the Navy and Air Force charges that MacArthur's communiqués referred to them as "my Navy" and "my Air Force." This caused intense bitterness among all ranks, including senior officers, of both proud services. Meanwhile the Marines, who felt that they had been completely forgotten, called themselves "MacArthur's guinea pigs."

III

Even before World War II MacArthur was extremely conscious of his place in history and abnormally sensitive to press criticism of any sort. In 1934 he sued the columnists Drew Pearson and Robert Allen for \$1,750,000 on seven specific charges, varying from their assertion that he had "proposed to some of his Congressional friends a new law requiring nineteen-gun salutes for former Chiefs of Staff" to their claim that he "chafed because he wasn't being promoted fast enough." The War Department prevailed upon him to drop the charges and then Pearson and Allen triumphantly reported that "no money was paid to MacArthur for costs or otherwise, no apologies or retractions given or asked for."

During the war the general's headquarters were even more sensitive. In this respect MacArthur or his press

officers — it is extremely difficult to draw a dividing line — made one blunder after another. Correspondents were made to hew to the strictest censorship imposed in any theatre of operations throughout the world. Perhaps mindful of World War II censorship, MacArthur announced at the beginning of the Korean war that "censorship was abhorrent" to him and proposed a "voluntary code" for the correspondents, which called for them to avoid mentioning troop movements and locations of headquarters, among other things. Within a few weeks, however, correspondents were asking for a security censorship, for as Lindesay Parrott of the *New York Times* wrote, "The question is whether under wartime conditions the peacetime privileges of the free press can be permitted to prevail in the face of dangers to soldiers' lives that irresponsibility or even honestly mistaken reporting can produce."

In World War II, a stringent censorship was undoubtedly necessary, for MacArthur's command covered an area 25 times as big as Texas, but the censorship was such that nothing of a derogatory nature could be said about MacArthur. When censorship was finally lifted — six months after the ending of Pacific hostilities — the ensuing blast from long pent-up correspondents who, at one time or another, had been called "two-bit sports

writers" among other things, blew MacArthur's chief press officer off his perch. This seemed to give truth to the feeling that MacArthur, too, was learning the actual state of his public relations department for the first time. Many felt that the over-all effect would have been much better if MacArthur's press officers had realized that the general's greatness needed little embellishment. Furthermore, his marked sense of showmanship — whether natural or by design — plus the fact that he was tossed into dramatic situations, such as Bataan, through no fault of his own, automatically made good headline copy. His military achievements simply spoke for themselves, yet his public-relations officers insisted on "gilding the lily." MacArthur needed no gilding.

His personal appearance, his physique and dignified bearing have also been criticized. In Australia he was accused of being overdressed, probably because he wore full-dress uniform with eleven rows of medals. Nobody criticized Eisenhower, Patton or Montgomery for wearing full dress. He has not worn full dress since, however. Today he invariably wears slacks, the only embellishment being the famous "scrambled egg" cap which he designed. This, too, has had its share of criticism, yet it is interesting to note that the new uni-

form of the Air Force calls for senior officers to wear hats which are similar to MacArthur's.

MacArthur's personal life, too, has had its share of comment. Few people from the outside have ever been close to him. Correspondents in Tokyo see him rarely and only by appointment made weeks and sometimes months in advance. He is not an accessible man. Once in his presence, however, he simply magnetizes. He strides up and down the room in his office on the sixth floor of the Dai Ichi building, knuckling his sparse hair as he talks. He will strike perhaps six matches before pausing long enough to light the ever-present corn-cob pipe. His hands are thin and finely wrinkled now, but they sweep through the air with vigor and forcefulness as he gesticulates to make a point. He will talk on any subject brilliantly, and what begins as a five-minute interview can stretch to half an hour or an hour. It is generally a very one-sided conversation. One does not talk *with* MacArthur; he talks *at* you.

He does not joke easily. He can see humor in a situation or series of events but he will barely smile when told a story with an amusing ending. He can be a very warm and human person in a private interview, so much so that often the visitor wonders where he first got the impression that MacArthur was aloof. But the mo-

ment the interview is over he becomes the "man on the mountain top" again. Those who meet him for the first time often leave his office hypnotized, muttering words such as "genius," "brilliant," "great." Some of his most hardened critics have even walked out from his office completely converted. The very brilliance of his conversation gives the impression of greatness. Perhaps this is because MacArthur *acts out* every part. At one moment he is bitter and his voice shakes with denunciation; the next moment it is soft and sentimental; then deep and resonant as he pontificates. Always the great moment, the one that is remembered, comes when he talks of the United States and its place in Asia, particularly as far as Japan is concerned. His voice takes on a ringing note as he paints a picture of Japan being Asia's "bulwark" for America. He is convinced that he is building a model democracy in Japan which will be so perfect that it will point the way towards world peace. Japan "is the springboard of the future . . . our frontier lies here in Asia where more than half the world's population lives . . . we haven't begun to realize its vast potentialities."

Some have criticized his methods in Japan, claiming that you can't hold a hand up one day to a people who have been running two thousand years in one direction and say "stop — go

this way." MacArthur thinks it can be done and in the last five years he has gone a long way towards proving it. Few indeed, could have done a better job. Though millions throughout the world think of MacArthur as an "egotistical dictator," the fact is that he is simply worshipped by most of the Japanese. They tell him so, too, in thousands of letters, on every subject imaginable, which arrive at his headquarters each week. Yet MacArthur has never toured the country. With the exception of a trip in 1948 to Korea and his recent dramatic flights to the Korean front, MacArthur has been at his desk in Tokyo, seven days a week, ten hours a day, for the last five years.

Few people realize that he has not set foot in his homeland since 1935. During the war he conferred with President Roosevelt in Hawaii, but this is the nearest he has been to the United States. Furthermore, MacArthur has not had a complete vacation since the beginning of the Pacific struggle. Many another man would have long since cracked under the strain. The uncharitable rarely remember these things.

IV

Perhaps the one event which still rankles MacArthur is his flight from Bataan to Australia in a PT boat. Ordered out by Presidential order,

his famous dash across the Pacific resulted in harsh and unjust criticism from many quarters. Judging from many of the stories written on the amount of wordly goods the MacArthur's took with them, one would think that they surely must have used a freighter. Just for the record: besides MacArthur, his wife, his son and their Chinese nurse, they took one mattress (because Mrs. MacArthur was ill) and four suitcases. His critics have even hinted that MacArthur left Corregidor without orders, a malicious story which gained quite a lot of credence in Australia. The facts are clear enough. Churchill, in *Their Finest Hour*, cherished the thought that he influenced Roosevelt in ordering MacArthur out of Corregidor. Churchill showed to President Roosevelt and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson a copy of a document he had sent to Lord Gort, the British Army Commander at the time of Dunkirk. This authorized Gort to leave the embattled area when his strength had been "reduced to that of a corps . . . and return to England." Churchill wrote:

I thought it right to show them the way in which we had dealt with the position of a Commander in Chief whose force was reduced to a small fraction of his original command. The President and Mr. Stimson both read the telegram with profound attention

and I was struck by the impression it seemed to make upon them. A little later in the day Mr. Stimson came back and asked for a copy of it. . . . It may be (for I do not know) that this influenced them in the right decision which they took in ordering General MacArthur to hand over his command to one of his subordinate generals, and thus saved for all his future glorious services the great Commander who would otherwise have perished or passed the war as a Japanese captive. I should like to think this was true.

MacArthur has rarely answered his detractors. Thus much of the fact and legend which surrounds him can be properly evaluated only by future historians and biographers. He once said: "You are only remembered and become famous because of your mistakes." MacArthur will be remembered for more than his mistakes. Meanwhile, until the definitive history of MacArthur is painted, his critics might do worse than to study what has been called "MacArthur's Credo," a framed piece by the Roman historian Livy, which hangs in the Supreme Commander's office. It tells of a famous Roman general who had been ordered to conduct a war in Macedonia in 168 B.C. Directly after he had been appointed by the Roman senate, after much denunciation and criticism, he marched out into the rotunda, where his detractors had gathered, and spoke as follows:

Commanders should be counseled chiefly by persons of known talent; by those who have made the art of war their particular study, and whose knowledge is derived from experience; by those who are present at the scene of action, who see the enemy, who see the advantages that occasions offer, and who, like people embarked on the same ship, are sharers of the danger. If therefore anyone thinks himself qualified to give advice respecting the war which I am to conduct, let him not refuse assistance to the state . . .

. . . but come with me to Macedonia.

He shall be furnished with a ship, a horse, a tent; even his traveling charges shall be defrayed. But if he thinks this too much trouble and prefers the repose of the city life to the toils of war, let him not on land assume the office of pilot.

The city in itself furnishes abundance of topics for conversation; let it confine its passion for talking to its own precincts . . . we shall pay no attention to any council but such as shall be framed within our camp.

OLD CHURCH

BY HANNAH KAHN

The walls which now
Are crumbling lime
Could not withstand
The urge of time.

The wood has rotted
On the doors;
Rain has ravished
Roof and floors. . . .

And yet because
Men worshipped here,
Something Holy
And austere

Lingers on
And fills the air,
Like echoes
Of a quiet prayer.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



*That Napoleon's Grand Army
was destroyed by the Russian
winter*

Armchair strategists who speak knowingly of the "invincible" Russian winter usually cap their remarks by some reference to the destruction of the Grand Army in 1812; the majority of its members, they seem to think, froze like the mythical Russians in Finland in 1940, in the very act of taking a step. Their chief source of knowledge, though they are probably unaware of it, is most likely a reproduction of one of Vereschagin's "1812" paintings, a series executed in 1893 as avowed pacifist propaganda.

Actually, the winter of 1812 in Russia was unusually mild. The retreat from Moscow began on October 19 and the first frost did not appear until October 27. On November 8 the fine weather moderated and the nights became sharply, but not intensely cold. It could not have been

too far below freezing much of the time because part of the horror of the crossing of the Beresina on November 26 was that the shallow, sluggish stream *was not* frozen. After Napoleon left the army at Smorgoni on December 5 the temperature fell into the twenties — cold enough certainly to kill the miserable thousands of sick and wounded who fell helplessly by the way, but certainly not cold enough to have demoralized any disciplined and properly-provided-for body of troops.

The chief factor in the destruction of the Grand Army was probably sickness. The soldiers were decimated by typhus, diphtheria and dysentery, and the mobility of the entire army was seriously restricted by colic among the horses, long before they even reached Moscow. The campaign had begun, with the passage of the Niemen on June 24, in a prolonged hot spell. There were hundreds of casualties from sunstroke, then thou-

sands from disease. The army was weakened at the outset and proceeded through accumulating disasters to its ruin. But it might well be argued that more were lost through heat than cold. Perhaps the fear of the cold, the myth of the Russian winter (as active then as now and supported then as now by fantastic tales) may have contributed to the panic that, by destroying discipline, completed the rout.

The film which Browning asserted sheathed Napoleon's eye at the thought of his soldiers' suffering was not observed on this splendid occasion for it by General de Caulaincourt, who accompanied him from Smorgoni to Paris. The Emperor seemed to regard the débâcle as almost a lark and delighted himself by conjecturing on the stupefaction of the passing peasantry if they only knew who he was.

That a store cannot make an arrest until a shoplifter has actually left the building

The larcenous impulse latent in every shopper's heart has led to a great deal of speculation as to the exact point at which one changes from a prospect to a suspect. And among the accredited myths none is more widely held than that the lintel of the front door is the dividing line.

Actually it is not that simple for

either the shop or the lifter. A store would not stay in business that seized everyone who carried an article to the window or even to the door to have a better look at it. But it wouldn't stay in the black if it confined its pursuit of thieves wholly to the adjacent sidewalks. Each arrest has to be a matter of individual judgment and individual risk. Some courts have held that a store is justified in making a brief detention on the basis of a reasonable suspicion. Others have held that stores are liable even where an honest mistake was based on a strong presumption.

A house detective's life is not a happy one. He must make some arrests if he is to keep his job; he had better not make some others. Shoplifting by persons in religious garb presents a particularly delicate problem. No store could afford to hustle a nun or a rabbi into the paddy wagon. When the lamentable necessity arises — as, alas, it sometimes does — the usual procedure is to get a signed confession and then to turn the culprit over to his or her order, synod, bench or sanhedrin for discipline.

That the number of its rattles indicates the number of years a rattlesnake has lived

Many people, perhaps misled by a false analogy with tree rings, believe

that each section of a rattlesnake's rattle indicates a year's growth. Each section is merely the loose horny tip of a shed skin and a section is added at each shedding. But the sheddings or castings take place at different intervals, according to the snake's age, and when a number of sections have accumulated a part of the rattle frequently breaks off. So at the best they can only suggest an approximate age and then only on the dangerous assumption that the rattle is entire.

That a camel can go weeks without water

The ability of the camel to do without water has been greatly exaggerated. Madden, Burne, Wilson, Leitch and others who have had extensive experience with the beasts agree that three or four days is the most they can go and that only under favorable conditions. Longer instances are valueless unless the condition of the animal at the end of the time is made clear. *Any* animal can go without water for a week or more — and die!

The camel was formerly thought to store water in its hump and, more recently, in pouches in its rumen. Both beliefs have an element of truth and both are, to an extent, fallacious. The hump is composed of solid fat, but since in its metabolism fat produces water the beast in drawing on

its fat is also obtaining water. Leitch (*The Feeding of Camels*, issued by the Imperial Bureau of Animal Nutrition, Aberdeen, 1941) estimates there may be the equivalent of ten gallons of water in a large hump. Lull and others have described in detail the pouches in the rumen in which water is stored and released when needed, though the amount so stored has not been thought to exceed a gallon. Leitch, on the basis of post-mortem and other examinations doubts this. He believes that the camel's normal liquid reserve is stored, as is that of other animals, all over its body. He believes that the pouches serve only to moisten the food during digestion and that the water they contain is drawn from the general circulation.

That sports have a moral value

The pernicious twaddle of coaches and others who profit by them that organized sports have a moral value is of great antiquity. The gladiatorial combats were so defended. It was claimed that they sustained the military spirit and it was customary to give special shows to the legions before they left for combat duty. They probably did harden brutality and encourage contempt for other men's lives, but even so the barbarians, who lacked the edification of the spectacles, in time defeated the legion-

naires, who found it easier to kill their officers than the enemy and safer to blackmail their own country than to plunder another.

That certain blind people have regained the full use of their eyes instantly

Stories of those born blind who have regained their sight instantly, either by surgery, suggestion or downright magic, usually betray ignorance of the fact that perception, in the higher animals, is an acquired skill. Molineux's famous question to Locke, whether one born blind who had learned to distinguish a sphere and a cube by feel would be able to distinguish them by appearance if his sight were suddenly restored, would be answered to-day in the negative. Experiments conducted by Dr. Austin H. Riesen upon chimpanzees which had been reared from birth to the age of sixteen months in total darkness showed that sight was at first meaningless. They would not even blink at an impending blow. It took them weeks to learn to reach for food which they would seize eagerly when touched against them.

Further support is furnished by records of human beings who, born blind, have had their sight restored by surgery. Professor Wayne Dennis, of the University of Virginia, col-

lected many of these and published his summary in the *Journal of Social Psychology* in 1935. All had to learn perspective and other elements of the art of seeing. Mr. Carl A. Klein, who lost his sight in 1946 and regained it suddenly in 1949, states that he found it necessary, to some extent, to re-educate himself in the art of perceiving.

That every man ought to do his duty

Since duty means that which a man ought to do, the assurance that he ought to do it is one of those noble redundancies that induce stoicism in graduating classes and congregations. Kenneth Burke has defined duty as a shorthand way of indicating one's identification with some larger corporate unit, a means of escaping the pain of thought.

Actually, the greatest drawback to doing your duty, as Edith Wharton remarked, is that it leaves you no time to do anything else. By duty most men mean those acts which will placate their gods, and since their gods are symbols of their fears, doing their duty means subordinating themselves to bogies. And to what extent they ought to do that is debatable. "Freedom from unreal loyalties," said Virginia Woolf, "is one of the greatest blessings of life."

THE FIG TREE

A STORY

BY ROCCO L. FUMENTO

WHEN it was warm, Annina brought the fig tree down into the back yard. It held a place of honor in a fenced-in far corner of the yard. In the quiet of the evening, after the children had been put to bed, the neighbors congregated around the tree. Here they sipped iced lemonade and cool Chianti wine while exchanging stories of the old country.

But when her right hip began to bother her again, a certain sign of the approaching first frost, then Annina hurriedly took the young tree into the house. And throughout the winter it flourished between the two windows of the warmly-heated living room, for it was more than just a tree to Annina and to her neighbors on Water Street. It was a reminder of the past, a reminder of the old country. Is it any wonder then that they loved it? Or that they should baptize it with the name of their motherland?

Annina's right hip had been causing her pain for some months now and Italy was warm and safe in her niche

between the windows of the living room. And, of course, when Italy moved into the living room, the neighbors moved right in with her. They came to admire her after Mass every Sunday, and again they sipped their red wine. But now steaming cups of hot coffee sport were substituted for the frosted glasses of lemonade.

At these weekly events Annina's husband Guido, who often boasted that he was the best leather cutter in Storm's Shoe Manufacturing Company, presided as the unwilling and unsmiling host. "Fools!" he would mutter under his breath. But Annina loved these Sunday mornings. For an hour or two she was in Italy again; for an hour or two everything was sunshine and warmth again in spite of the snow flurries which whispered against the window panes.

But on the fourth Sunday of each month the members of the Christian Mothers' Sodality received Holy Communion in a body at the seven

ROCCO L. FUMENTO'S last contribution to THE AMERICAN MERCURY was his first published story, "Alfredo's Sweetheart," which appeared in the issue for August 1949.

o'clock Mass, followed by communion breakfast at the parish hall. And though Annina was not a mother (she consoled herself with, "At least I am a Christian"), she was nevertheless a devout member of the sodality. Ordinarily, Annina loved going to the communion breakfasts. But this morning she had nearly been late for Mass and was forced to leave the house without first watering Italy. A thing unheard of! Now, with hurried steps, she returned home and without removing her coat quickly filled a kettle with water. "*Povera Italia*," she murmured, as she bent her shapeless body over the tree. "Did you think I had forgotten you?" She was about to pour water into its roots when she drew back in horror. "*Maria Vergine!*" She ran towards the bedroom where Guido was still asleep. "Guido!" She shook her husband frantically. "Wake up, wake up! *Italia muore!* Something has happened to Italy. She is dying!"

Guido raised himself up on his elbows. His eyes blinked foolishly in the round fleshiness of his face. "What — what is it? Is the house on fire?"

"No, fool, no," Annina cried impatiently. "It is Italy. I went to give her some water and I see all these red spots. She is dying, I tell you!"

"Good," Guido grunted, and pulled the blankets over his head. Annina

ripped the blankets back. "But get up and do something. Do something!"

Guido sat up and burped. "*Accidenti!*" he cried. "Damn it! Do I not have enough gas on the stomach? Must you give me cause for more?" Nevertheless he squeezed his stomach into his trousers and followed Annina into the living room, where she knelt by the tree with tears streaming down her pale cheeks. "Oh Guido, see how terrible she looks?" She turned despairing eyes to her husband. "But what can it be?"

"How am I to know?" he said irritably. "My people were never fig growers." But his eyes softened and he lifted Annina gently to her feet. "You knew it would happen sooner or later. Carry her outside in the summer; carry her inside in the winter. What kind of a life was that for a tree used to the sunshine?"

"Was?" Annina wailed. "You speak as though she were already dead."

Guido shrugged. "She does have the smell of death about her."

"Only for you," Annina moaned. "Because you wish it."

"Oh, now," Guido said, patting her shoulder. "Is that the way to talk?"

"Do not touch me! You are happy she is dying. You have always hated her. Do not deny it! Even though you know what she means to everyone — to Cristina, to Nicolo, to me."

"Hate her? Because I laugh at all

of you? Because I think it is so foolish to love a tree?"

"And is it not also foolish to be jealous of a tree?"

"Annina," Guido warned. "Be careful what you say. Remember, I am your husband."

"Yes," Annina said bitterly. "I remember. And sometimes I wish I could forget it."

"Listen to the way she talks, dear God," Guido implored the heavens. He pointed an accusing finger at his wife. "You should fall on your knees and beg God's forgiveness and yes, mine, too, for it is a long time since you remembered I am your husband."

"I should beg forgiveness! Have I not performed my duties as a wife? Thirteen years we have been married and did I ever deny you when you came to me in the night? Yes, and even in the middle of the day sometimes!"

"That is not what I meant! When I am sick do you give me medicines and hold my hand? You laugh and tell me to take castor oil."

"Because you always imagine you are sick. There is nothing wrong with you."

"Nothing wrong with me! How many nights have I lain awake with this gas on my stomach? And do you at least bring me a glass of baking soda? No! You turn over on your side and snore like a cow! Then this —

this midget fig tree gets some red spots and you run around the house with your apron to your eyes!"

"See!" Annina cried out triumphantly. "What have I been saying? You are indeed jealous of Italy."

"Jealous? No! Insulted! Because my wife has deserted me for a fig tree!"

"Oh Guido, you are a fool." Annina turned to the tree and there was a trembling in her voice. "Yes, I love the tree. I love it because when I look at it I see mamma kneading bread at the kitchen table and I see papa coming home from the fields; I see Montetorello and Saint Anthony's church in the *piazza*; I see the yellow wheat and the vineyards and Muciardi's olive grove on the mountainside below the monastery. That is what I see. And that is what the others see. And that is why we love the tree, Guido."

"Do you remember only the good and none of the bad?"

"Too well we remember the bad. And yet we want to remember the other things — the good things."

"And so you squander your affections on a fig tree!"

Annina's eyes flashed bitterness. "If I had a child upon which to squander my affections I would not need a fig tree."

"Is it my fault we have no children?" Guido asked. "My family was always one to multiply quickly."

"And my mother had sixteen children," Annina reminded him.

"And you have thrown it up to my face sixteen thousand times!" Guido shouted resentfully. "How many times have I wanted to take you to see Doctor Riccardi?"

"And how many times have I begged you to make the novena to the Blessed Virgin with me!" Annina retorted.

"No more will I listen to such nonsense!" Guido protested, heading for the bedroom. "And as for the tree, try giving her some castor oil." He slammed the bedroom door behind him.

II

Annina sat down in despair. What would the neighbors say? Soon they would be coming. Already Cristina, who lived next door with her husband and their houseful of children, was calling out to her. Annina tearfully met her at the door and blurted out her sad news. Cristina, whose expressive plump arms and hands were as much a part of her speech as the spoken word, both demonstrated and uttered her disbelief. "Italy dying? Nonsense! She is a good, strong tree." Nevertheless she clasped her hands in pity when she saw the tree. "She is indeed very sick. But there is yet much life in her. See how some of the leaves are not even touched."

"Dear Cristina. You know so many cures. Surely you have one for Italy."

"Oh, *si, si*, I have many cures. For colds, for backaches, for earaches, for morning sickness, but what do I know about sick trees? And such strange red spots. As though one has given it the evil eye."

"Oh, Cristina," Annina despaired. "How can you make jokes when Italy is —"

"But I am serious!"

"Serious! But this is America. Here people do not believe such nonsense."

"Nonsense, maybe," Cristina said, scratching her large breasts thoughtfully. "But why should a healthy tree become sick overnight?"

"Perhaps it is God's will," Annina sighed.

"Or the devil's," Cristina pointed out. Annina shuddered. She nervously patted the tight knot into which her hair was tied. "Suppose — suppose I did believe? Who would do such a thing to Italy? Everyone loves her."

"Oh, Annina, you cannot be so blind —"

"I know what you are thinking," Annina cried. "But you are wrong. He would not do such a thing. Anyway, who ever heard of anyone giving the evil eye to a tree?"

"An ordinary tree, yes," Cristina agreed. "But Italy is no ordinary tree. Surely it will hurt no one if we try the cure. Last week, when Antonio

had a fight with a waiter at Torelli's, he came home with such a headache that could only have been caused by the waiter's curses. I gave him aspirin, I gave him boiled herbs, I rubbed his head and still he had the headache. Then I tried the cure. In an hour the headache was gone."

"It proves only that headaches do not last forever."

"Maybe. Maybe not." Cristina grasped Annina's thin hands. "But the tree is dying, Annina. Let me try it."

"No, no, no!" Annina cried, pulling her hands away. "Are you trying to turn me against Guido by making me believe this nonsense?"

"As God is my witness, I have never tried to turn a wife against her husband," Cristina protested indignantly.

"Yet you accuse him of giving Italy the evil eye!"

"But I do not say he did it on purpose! It is enough merely to hate the tree. And perhaps even to wish silently that something might happen to it. He does hate the tree, no Annina? Then is it not possible?"

Annina sighed heavily. "I do not know. Mother of God, how am I to know!" She grasped Cristina's arm as someone knocked on the kitchen door. "But do not speak of this — this business to anyone yet. Perhaps Nicolo knows of another cure."

It was Antonio, Cristina's husband and a chef at Torelli's Roma Villa on Main Street. His thin body belied his profession. But it was said that in his youth he had indulged indiscriminately in the masterpieces of his own creation. As a result, he was now forced to exist on so dismal a diet that his unhappiness was reflected in the pained expression which continually lined his gaunt face. He sighed sympathetically at the plight of the tree. "I know how she must feel."

But already the other neighbors were arriving, belatedly, on their weekly pilgrimage to Italy. Each in turn — dwarfish Luigi, the bricklayer, and his equally dwarfish wife, who was now heavy with child; pockmarked Carlo and his timid Giovanna; Bruno, the shoemaker, and Francesco, who always carried with him the odor of the fish he peddled — sighed sadly, but admitted knowing of no cure for Italy's strange malady.

"Perhaps Nicolo will know what to do," Giovanna suggested shyly. The others nodded in agreement. It was always so. Let us call Nicolo. Nicolo will know what to do. And why not? Could he not read and write English? Did he not own his own business? And so they sat in long-faced silence and waited for Nicolo. But even Nicolo, when he finally arrived in his camel-hair coat, had to plead ignorance.

"But do we just sit around and

wait for her to die!" Annina wailed.

"Of course not," Nicolo said. He closed his eyes dramatically and everyone knew he was in deep thought. His eyelids flew open and he snapped his fingers. "But of course! I will cut off a leaf and tomorrow I shall take it to the tree doctor."

"*Dio mio!*" Luigi's eyes widened in amazement. "But they have doctors for trees in this country?"

"Naturally," Nicolo snapped. "Here they have doctors for everything."

III

On the following day Nicolo returned with a foul-smelling ointment and a spray gun. He handed them to Annina. "You must spray Italy once in the morning and once in the evening. In a week she will be well again."

Annina faithfully sprayed Italy, who daily appeared to become stronger, while Guido scowled and complained about the gas on his stomach. Yet towards the end of the week Italy suddenly became worse. On the following Sunday even Nicolo had to admit defeat, for the red spots had eaten their way through the leaves and one by one they dried and withered and drifted silently to the floor.

"Nicolo, Nicolo," Annina pleaded. "Your people were fig growers. Surely you know of some other cure?"

Nicolo did not like to be reminded that his people, too, had been peas-

ants in the old country. He was the owner of a barber shop now. "Annina. In this country we work with science. The doctor said there is nothing else science can do. And certainly he knows what he is talking about."

"Science, science!" Cristina scoffed at Nicolo's god. "Can science do everything? You see how it has failed us!" And with impassioned gestures she revealed her secret theory of the evil eye and forced Antonio to tell how she had cured him of his headache.

Nicolo was momentarily speechless. But Nicolo never remained speechless for long. "You have been in this country for so many years and still you believe in this witchcraft? Annina, surely you will not listen to her ravings?" he said indignantly, while Cristina tossed her hips angrily at him.

Annina's fingers rested lightly on Nicolo's shoulder. "We have tried it your way. Now you say it is all over. But I cannot believe it. If there is just a chance, Nicolo. . . . And if it fails think how you can laugh at Cristina."

"It is your tree," Nicolo snapped coldly. "Do what you wish." He glared at Cristina. "And believe me I will laugh."

Annina turned to the triumphant Cristina. "All right, Cristina. Do what you must."

Cristina gestured towards the kitchen, where Guido was happily drinking a bottle of wine. "With him

in the house? The evil spirit that caused the sickness?"

"Lower your voice or he will hear you!" Annina whispered frantically. "And he is not an evil spirit."

"Evil spirit or not, the cure is useless unless he is out of the house."

"But I cannot kick him out of his own house!"

"It is only for a few minutes," Cristina explained.

Annina sighed doubtfully. "All right. I will tell him." She went into the kitchen and closed the door behind her. The neighbors strained to listen. First there were only low mummings. Then there was the thunder of Guido's laughter. "Ho, ho, I wish I could believe this nonsense. What a joy if I could really curse that tree on its way to hell! But come, let us see Cristina perform her miracle." Then there were the low mummings again, topped by the fury of Guido's voice. "You are crazy. All of you!" And then Annina's voice making itself heard for the first time.

"Guido, you must. Only for a few minutes. It is the only hope for Italy."

"No. Not even if I believed your nonsense would I do such a crazy thing."

Now Annina's voice rose. "Yes, I did not believe either. Now I am not so sure. How often have you cursed the tree? And God only knows what devil within you caused her sickness."

"Ha," Guido mocked. "If I have a devil within me then I truly cannot go out in this weather. No, *mia cara*, he would not like the cold."

"Give me none of your jokes," Annina cried in exasperation. "Guido, if you do not do this thing for me then I — I swear that I shall deny you my bed forever."

"Dear God, listen to her! Do you not know it is many years since your bed has given me satisfaction and so you will be denying me nothing?"

Annina burst into tears. "Oh, Mother of God, the shame, the shame! And with a house full of people."

"Is it my fault? It is you who have made a public *piazza* of our house!"

Annina's voice was muffled in her apron. "Oh, the shame."

Guido sounded contrite. "Annina, when you make me mad I say many things —"

"I do not want to listen to you. Only go. That is all I ask."

Holding tightly to the wine bottle, Guido threw open the living room door, nearly knocked over Cristina, who was pressed up against it, and slammed his way out the front door and down the stairs. Cristina straightened her corset indignantly and patted her breasts into place. "A savage! You are married to a savage!" But pity overwhelmed her at the despair in Annina's eyes. She em-

braced her friend gently. "Shall I begin now, Annina?"

Annina nodded listlessly. "Yes. You can begin now."

Cristina filled a large plate with water and carefully sprinkled olive oil over the water. With both hands over the plate, she shut her eyes. Her lips moved swiftly in her silent litany against the curse of the evil eye. The neighbors stared at her in respectful wonder. Even Nicolo held his peace.

Cristina sighed deeply and her eyes fluttered open. "It is finished," she said. "In the morning we will know."

IV

Throughout the day Annina ran in and out of the living room to see whether she could note a change in Italy's condition. She prepared dinner, but it remained untouched. Guido had not returned and she did not feel like eating. When evening came she sat by the tree in silent vigil. Her eyes searched the withered leaves and the scarred branches for a trace of recovery and she prayed a silent prayer. And as she prayed and watched, the chimes of the shoe factory clock carried softly with the winter wind. She had already counted twelve when she finally heard Guido climbing the stairs. He stumbled over the doorstep as he entered, but he quickly regained his balance when he saw Annina sitting by the tree.

"Will it help make the tree well to sit up with it all night?" he asked, with only a trace of thickness in his tongue. Annina did not answer. "So you are mad at me! And have I no right to be mad? Sending me out of my house in this weather. And without a coat!"

Annina sighed and looked up. "Guido, Guido, let us not begin all over again. It is finished."

"Yes, maybe for you it is finished. But what about me? What if I catch pneumonia?"

"Did I ask you to leave without your coat?"

"*Al diavolo!*" Guido cursed, and he slammed the bedroom door behind him. Without removing his clothes, he fell asleep. Much later, when he awoke, he stretched out his arm to Annina's side of the bed. It was empty. He sat up. Light from the living room squeezed in through the door cracks. "Crazy woman," he muttered. "Crazy to sit up with a dead tree." He went into the living room and drew up a chair. He set it next to Annina. She turned bewildered eyes towards him. "Mother of God," he said, "we will both sit up and hold hands with the tree."

Dawn had hardly streaked a gray path through the living room windows when the neighbors were once again grouped around Italy. But this time they were as mourners at a wake.

No laughter, no stories of the old country, no coffee sport and wine. Only the silence and a few sad tears from the ladies, as they beheld Italy in the stark nakedness of death. "You and your cure for the evil eye!" Nicolo mocked Cristina.

"It did no worse than your science," Cristina reminded him.

Nicolo shrugged. "Well, it is all over with now anyway." He patted Annina's arm. "It is getting late. I must get down to the barber shop."

One by one the others followed Nicolo's lead. Each made his excuses and each patted Annina's arm. Cristina was last. "I must go now, Annina. The children will be late for school." She held Annina's face between her hands. "And do not look so sad. We can get another tree."

Annina sat quietly for a moment after she had gone. Her hands pulled at the seam of her apron. "Yes, we can get another tree," she said bitterly. She turned to her husband and caught at his arm. "Oh, Guido, they do not care, they do not care!"

Guido pressed her hand. "Of course they care, Annina. But Nicolo has his barber shop, Antonio has his job at the restaurant, Cristina has her children and the others—" he shrugged. "They have other things to do."

Annina shook her head. "They did not love Italy. They didn't love her."

"They loved Italy," Guido said

gently. "They loved her because she was a bit of the old country. But only a bit of the old country, Annina."

Annina did not answer. Her eyes were held to the tree whose leaves were once green with the green of the land she had loved and left as a young bride to come to a strange new world. And while she looked at the tree with empty eyes there was a silence in the room, finally broken by a shattering sneeze from Guido. Annina started. With a final convulsive sigh, she turned her back upon the tree. "You will be late for work," she said.

"I—I will stay home today." And at the puzzled look in his wife's eyes Guido tried to explain. "Is it not proper? Who else must a wife turn to when she is in pain?"

"But you hated the tree! You should laugh. Laugh at me! Laugh at all of us!"

"It is strange. Yes, I thought I would laugh. But now that it is dead I find I cannot laugh. You see, Annina, I did not hate the tree. How am I to explain? I—" but he broke off with another sneeze.

Annina's eyes widened with concern. "You caught a cold," she cried, brushing her hand across Guido's forehead. "And you have a fever and it is my fault for sending you out in the cold without a coat." Guido tried to interrupt, but between Annina's excited self-accusations and his sneezes,

he could not. When Annina hurried him into the bedroom, he tried to protest, but she would not listen to him. She wrapped him warmly with blankets, produced a hot water bottle for his feet, forced two aspirins down his throat, and rubbed him with liniment. Not until she was strapping a mustard plaster to his chest did he have an opportunity to speak. And then for a long moment he could say nothing. Finally, "Mother of God, you will roast me to death," he grumbled, and yet knew this was not what he had wanted to say.

It was not until later in the day, when Annina was forcing hot chicken soup down his throat, that Guido dared to find the other words. "An-

nina," he said, and he trembled to look at her. "Is it — is it too late to make the novena to the Blessed Virgin with you?"

Annina did not answer. The soup dish shook in her hands and she placed it on the floor. She rose and walked swiftly towards the door.

"Have I become so ugly to you that you run away from me?"

Annina paused with her hand on the doorknob. "But I am not running away from you, Guido," she said softly. "I am only going to telephone Doctor Riccardi. Truly he will not see us without an appointment." And she hurried out of the room.

Guido leaned back against the pil-lows and smiled.

HALF-JOURNEY

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

I go from summer and I go to fall;
finding a hiding berry, I taste this
last bit of summer, slowly tasting all
as we taste warm, hugged summer with a kiss.
Out in the carnival of wind and trees
where breezy whim moves color like the girls'
light vari-tinted skirts, I fall on knees;
I find a yellow ribbon. Then wind whirls.
This bit of gold goes where its wearer went,
and it is flying where a lover ran,
leaving another restless and unspent;
so does a fickle season race from man.
And so must he, the lover, find the lost,
though he might feel, at last, the kiss of frost.

THE CITY THAT CONQUERED A FLOOD

BY CARL B. WALL

TO THE 100,000 men and women manning the 30 long miles of dikes protecting Greater Winnipeg from the turbulent flood waters, this night of Friday, May 5, 1950, is zero hour. For nine days now the normally placid Red river of the North, rising in Minnesota and snaking northward 485 miles across the Canadian border into Winnipeg, has been on foaming rampage.

Southward, between the U. S. border and Winnipeg, the river has become a vast, churning lake submerging 600 square miles of land. Before the torrential, brackish water, homes and barns of the rich Manitoba Red river valley have crumbled and fallen. On ever-shrinking patches of high ground, herds of cattle, horses, wild game await starvation. Pasturing cows, paralyzed after days of standing in the frigid 34° flood waters, float helplessly toward death.

So great is the threat of the surging river to life and property that Colonel H. W. Harich of the U. S. Army

Engineers' Flood Control reports: "This is the worst flood I have ever seen. It may well be the worst flood North America has ever known." Damage in the Manitoba valley will reach the staggering total of \$40 million.

On this cold, windswept night, with temperatures close to freezing and 50-mile-an-hour winds whipping across the desolate plain, thousands of homeless stream into Greater Winnipeg. This is now the garrison, the dike-encircled fort. Here, where the on-rushing Red coils like a snake through the very heart of the city, the water in the past 24 hours has risen six inches and is now seven feet above flood stage. (Flood level is reached when the river rises to eighteen feet above datum — the mean elevation of the Red. The water is now 25 feet above datum!)

Greater Winnipeg is a metropolis of 320,000, made up of many races and creeds, descendants of the one and a half million immigrants who settled in

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the great Manitoba wheat fields at the turn of the century. They are the children of Ukrainians who came in top boots and astrakhan caps, of kilted clansmen from Scotland, of peasants from Ruthenia, Mennonites, Icelandic and Doukhobor peoples. Now they band together as a mighty team. The progressive spirit of the frontier, the hardihood that comes from wrestling with 50-below-zero wintertime temperatures, is released against the common enemy — the river.

At ten strategic points in the city, in low-lying areas along the Red river's banks, the vast volunteer citizen army sloshes through knee-deep mud to strengthen dikes with sandbags. Among the workers are men in their 70's, girls in their teens, Boy Scout Cubs of eight. Army searchlights stab through sleet and rain to seek out sagging points. Giant bulldozers and draglines rip mercilessly through landscaped lawns, golf course, terraced gardens, throwing the precious earth against the rim of the rising river. Houses close to the bank, literally buried by dirt and sandbags, become a part of the dikes.

In the Cathedral City of St. Boniface, on the east bank of the Red, a million dollars' worth of earth-moving equipment is thrown into the fight on the massive Lyndale dike. Crouching behind a smaller dike is St. Boni-

face hospital with its 520 patients. In this area Canadian soldiers work furiously, their language restrained by the presence of Gray Nuns of Montreal, who, with their robes pinned an inch above the mud, fill sandbags with amazing endurance.

Among those working here, his clerical collar concealed by coveralls, is the Most Reverend George Cabana, archbishop of St. Boniface diocese. Instead of the customary four shovel-fuls of sand per bag, he industriously begins shoveling six. A regular Army man who has been toting bags steadily for some 24 hours protests.

"Look, you big lug," he cuts loose, "it's four to the bag or I'm going to plug you into the dike." "Okay, Bud," the archbishop answers mildly.

The two-mile Glendale dike, designed to protect 800 homes in the Elmwood residential section to the north, has been built entirely by hand, by volunteers working a thousand sand to the shift. A third of the sandbags have been carried by housewives, even though each sandbag holds between 40 and 50 pounds of wet sand and, in some places, must be carried 100 yards. "It's like doing a year's washing — by hand," says one of the women.

Winds of gale force drive torrents of rain over the beleaguered city. Overloaded sewers back up. Now the

dikes are attacked by the river in the front, by gushing sewers and rain water in the rear.

II

In the early pre-dawn hours of Saturday, May 6, the dismal wail of the evacuation sirens sounds over dike after dike. The river has reached emergency stage — 27 feet above normal! Within a brief time, thousands who have fought bravely for days against the rising waters are homeless.

A state of emergency is declared. In Winnipeg's Provincial Legislative building, flood control headquarters are set up under the command of Brigadier General Ronald E. A. Morton, commanding officer of the Prairie Command, Normandy D-Day leader of Canadian forces in World War II. This is the nerve center of the tremendous, far-flung battle against the flood. Like a wartime command post, it operates in three shifts around the clock. Throughout the flood areas, engineer patrols maintain constant communication with this headquarters. On the walls hang maps marking the hourly advance of the river, weak points in the dike defenses, trouble spots underground, on bridges and roadways.

Soon, to the battlefield, from throughout Canada, speed army, navy and air force reinforcements.

Hard-rock miners from the Flin Flon mining districts. Royal Canadian Navy frogmen and divers. Army engineers, specialists in bridge work and dike construction. Fishermen and rescue boats from as far away as Portage la Prairie and the Lakehead. Highball freights of the two great railroads — Canadian Pacific and Canadian National — are dispatched to pick up thousands of tons of food supplies, pumps, carloads of sand, millions of sandbags from all available sources in the Dominion.

Into Winnipeg's Stevenson field roars the greatest airlift in Canada's history. In the next nine days, the RCAF air shuttle will bring into the city more than one million pounds of flood-fighting equipment. A million and a half of the six million sandbags used on the dikes will be airlifted — some from points as far distant as San Francisco. Emergency generators, rubber boots, vaccine, medical supplies will pour in by air.

Since the industrial center of Winnipeg is built on a plain, with only a five-foot difference in elevation between the highest and lowest points, it is an easy target for the swirling water. In downtown areas, 200-pound iron manhole covers pop like corks, lifted into the air by tremendous pressure exerted on overloaded storm sewers. From the basement of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph offices,

25,000 gallons of water an hour are pumped to street level. The pneumatic tube system, which usually handles messages to the grain exchange and office buildings, is now a flood-borne sprinkler system. Radio Station CKRC is forced off the air because of short circuits caused by water lapping against towers and transmitters, normally three quarters of a mile from the river.

In the residential areas, sewers back up through toilets, home-owners pour linseed oil into the traps; the oil forms a heavy glob which acts as a plug. Others use putty, rags, newspapers. Some home-owners purposely flood the basements of their homes with clean water to equalize the pressure exerted by the river. One ingenious man rigs a block and tackle around the family car, hitches it to a sturdy tree, and raises it above the water. Here and there empty oil drums, tied to rear axles, serve as buoys for cars completely submerged — a warning to rescue boats of costly reefs.

For days, with snow flurries and rain stinging against their faces, thousands of workers have been toiling along the zigzagging six miles of dikes in the East Kildonan sector. High in the elm trees along the river's banks, yellow lanterns illuminate the scene. They gleam on slickers, high rubber boots, throw fingers of light over the swollen river.

Housewives struggle through muddy gumbo to serve hot soup, sandwiches, coffee. Side by side work black-clothed members of a Hutterite colony, Winnipeg businessmen and office workers, French-speaking soldiers of the Royal Twenty-second Regiment of Quebec, high school girls. While sandbags are being lugged the quarter-mile from the filling point, songs, French and English, can occasionally be heard above the roar of the river.

As the Wildwood and Riverview dikes begin to crack under the surging onslaught, the order is given to evacuate the King George and King Edward municipal hospitals. There are 212 patients — and only ten regular ambulances in the entire city. Volunteer drivers appear with their own cars, and ambulances from Fort Osborne barracks and Stevenson field are pressed into service. So swift is the water's rise in this sector that the last ambulance is drowned in four feet of water and must be towed clear. Later, a Navy-manned duck carries two polio patients and their 600-pound iron lungs to safety.

With all hospitals now crowded to capacity, a group of temporary war-time buildings is quickly readied for the seriously ill. Complete surgical field team equipment is flown in to be available in case of power failure. Then, as heat fails and sewage backs

up into basements, other hospitals and nursing homes are evacuated. By air and rail, 1424 patients are transported to safe zones. Miraculously, this vast operation is carried out without the loss of a single life.

III

By Sunday, May 7, the raging river reaches 27.2 feet above normal. In the residential suburban sections, particularly where the river loops in tight turns, the boiling waters, churning along at 25 knots, hurdle the banks to shortcut their northward race. Some houses are gutted as thoroughly as if by fire. Furniture is torn out and smashed to kindling. Navy rescue boats fight the driving current to rescue last-ditch householders through second-story windows.

Overnight, 4000 are homeless. To care for these and the 4500 evacuees from the devastated rural sections to the south, the Red Cross and civic clubs set up bunks in the civic auditorium. In the railway yards, sleeping cars shelter hundreds. Hotels put army cots in lobbies and banquet rooms. At the headquarters of the Winnipeg Naval Division, once a winter sports arena, 400 men, women and children are fed and bedded down.

The constant, never-ending throb of pumps, heaving and sighing to throw back the Red, becomes the

background orchestral score against which the unceasing fight goes on. But, despite heroic efforts, the implacable river, swollen by steady rains, gradually penetrates to the very vitals of the city. Two electric substations are threatened. If these go, lights, telephones, radio and newspaper communications will fail. Streetcars and electric buses will be immobilized.

A dramatic battle to save the power stations ensues. Hundreds of servicemen, company employees and volunteers throw sandbag ramparts around the buildings. From behind these dikes, pumps are set up to hurl back the seeping water. By night the fight is carried on under powerful floodlights. Deep in the bowels of the buildings, engineers perform ticklish miracles restringing high-voltage cables. Navy frogmen lower themselves through manholes to plug 240 power conduits through which flood waters are seeping into subterranean installations.

Under the direction of lean, able, 37-year-old William D. Hurst, city engineer, rock causeways are rapidly built on top of the flooded city streets leading to the electric and gas plants. These are vitally necessary to truck in supplies, particularly coal needed in the manufacture of gas. To erect these causeways, rock and ballast must be hauled in from a quarry twelve miles

outside Winnipeg. Hundreds of trucks, even the city's dump and garbage vehicles are commandeered.

As the river continues its inexorable rise, city and army engineers are faced with the job of keeping open the bridges which connect Winnipeg with St. Boniface and other municipalities on the east of the Red. Survival for the Greater City depends on these vital transportation links, over which move such essentials as bread, meat, milk. Débris, borne in from the south on the flood's crest, crashes and jams against steelwork of the bridges. The pressure of the mighty torrent makes the frameworks tremble and sway. Thousands of tons of ballast — steel girders, railroad track, anything available — are dumped on the bridges to save them.

One by one, four of the five great spans over the rampaging Red must be closed. Only the 50-year-old Redwood bridge to the north is open. Fighting against time and the river, army engineers dynamite derelict houses and barns log-jammed against its foundations. To meet the threat of disease from floating sewage, thousands of citizens are inoculated against typhoid. At each dike, buckets of highly-chlorinated water are made available for hand-washing. Flooded cellars are doused with fresh chloride of lime. In the rural areas, where wells have been contaminated by

surface water, "Jerry" cans — the type used in the desert campaigns of World War II — are distributed to stranded farm families, complete with water-sterilizing powder and detasting tablets. In the city, chlorination of drinking water is increased and raw milk is banned.

At 8 P.M. on the night of Wednesday, May 10, Army walkie-talkie patrols report a sagging point in the defenses. Hundreds rush forward to plug the breach. Several men, clasping hands to form a human chain, struggle to the breached point along the sodden dike-top. Lying flat on their backs, half-drowned by the frigid, rushing, muddy water, they pass sandbags over their heads. The last man hurls them into the gap. But the force of the churning river is so tremendous that the bags are instantly hurled 40 feet downstream. The breach widens.

Within a few hours, 300 homes in an area covering ten city blocks are flooded to a depth of three feet. Four Navy ducks rescue last-minute workers. Home-owners methodically begin kicking in basement windows to relieve pressure on the foundations. Yet despite this catastrophe, by sunrise of the following day the same workers have thrown up thousands of fresh sandbags in a new dike on higher ground.

With the Red nearly 30 feet above

datum — twelve feet above flood stage — the stricken city reels under new flood threats from two quarters. The Assiniboine river on the west side of the Red, and the Seine on the east, suddenly back up under pressure of the Red! Brigadier Morton advises immediate evacuation of all women and children to homes outside Winnipeg.

So begins the exodus of 120,000 persons. Roads out of the city are black by day and brilliant by night with departing traffic. Planes carry capacity loads to Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver. Hundreds of aged and sick, unable to walk, are stretcher-borne to planes or sleeping cars. From throughout the Dominion come thousands of telegrams offering shelter. Owners of summer cottages in resort towns outside Winnipeg mail keys to the Red Cross, asking that their places be used for the homeless. On the night of May 18, the Red reaches the incredible height of 30.3 feet above datum! Before a statue of the Sacred Heart, mounted on a parapet of sandbags above the river's edge, hundreds of the city's French-Canadian Catholics kneel in prayer.

At Flood Headquarters, two alternate plans are readied. One is *Operation If* — a disaster plan for the mass evacuation of the *entire* city.

This will be necessary if the river rises another two feet. The other plan is *Operation Rainbow* — rehabilitation of the flooded city.

For long days, the fate of the city hangs in balance. Finally, on May 25, with the river at 28.85 feet, and slowly inching downward, Brigadier Morton relaxes the evacuation order. Thus ends twenty days and nights of constant siege and exhausting effort to conquer a river and save a city. So remarkable was the rescue work in those twenty days that only one man was drowned. So thorough were the sanitation measures that not one case of illness was attributed to the flood. In all the shuffling and re-shuffling of 120,000 persons in the great exodus, there was not a single traffic fatality! By early summer, Winnipeggers were driving into Operation Rainbow. On Winnipeg's City Hall the flood slogan "We're Weary and Wet But We'll Win" was replaced by "Let's Look Nifty in Fifty."

"They say that Winnipeg was saved from complete disaster by a miracle," City Engineer William Hurst told me. "It was — a miracle of guts and hard work." He held up both his hands. "The miracle of 100,000 multiplied by ten. A million fingers in the dikes."

THE MODERN CONCEPT OF LEPROSY

BY JAMES A. TOBEY, DR. P.H.

NO MAN from Mars could cause greater excitement in any American city than the sudden appearance on Main Street of a morbid-looking individual who bore a sign proclaiming, "I am a LEPER. Please help me." Passers-by would flee in terror, the police would swing into immediate and violent action, and the newspapers would have a field day.

In such a distressing situation, only the health department would remain calm and unruffled, because the medical authorities would know that a leper offers no danger whatever to the people in practically all parts of the United States. If the episode had occurred a generation or more ago, the unfortunate leper would have been whisked off to a lonely pest-house on the edge of town, carefully guarded, and finally shipped stealthily to the national leprosarium in Louisiana. Today, the leper might not even be sent to a hospital.

Leprosy is one of the most ancient, one of the most dreaded, and one of

the most misunderstood of all human diseases. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, some three thousand or more years ago; it was well known and heartily feared in Biblical times, as shown by the fact that two entire chapters (xiii and xiv) of the Book of Leviticus in the Old Testament, dating from about 700 B.C., give explicit and detailed directions for the diagnosis and control of the disease by the Hebrew priests. In the Middle Ages, a virulent form of leprosy swept across Europe in waves of disastrous epidemics. In more modern times, many descriptions of the horrors of leprosy have come from Hawaii, the Philippines, and the Far East.

As a result, the American people have developed a leprophobia which is unwarranted by the facts about this disease, at least as it occurs in this country. To be sure, leprosy is a contagious disease, caused by an organism known as *Bacillus leprae*, and in its later stages it is a disfiguring and unpleasant malady. It is, however, a tropical disease which flourishes

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best in hot, moist climates; in our north temperate zone, it is so feebly contagious that it is really no public health problem at all, except in two or three Gulf Coast states.

There are two kinds of leprosy, the neural and the cutaneous. In the former, which is benign and virtually non-contagious, the bacilli attack the nerves, causing anesthesia or loss of feeling which may eventually end up in paralysis, or may become spontaneously arrested at any time. The cutaneous type of leprosy is characterized by reddish, brownish, or yellowish patches on the skin, particularly upon the forehead, hands and extremities. These may thicken and become nodular, with ulcerations, extensive tissue destruction, and involvement of the mucous membranes as the disease progresses over the course of years. Sometimes there is a third type of leprosy, a mixture of the first two. The cutaneous form is malignant, but is only mildly contagious in this country.

A neglected case of nodular leprosy, especially in tropical countries, is usually a rather gruesome thing. As the ulcerations progress in the later stages of the disease, they are accompanied by great enlargement and disfiguration of the face and hands, and sometimes other parts, with destruction of the nose and larynx, and often blindness. In its

earlier manifestations, the disease may cause only malaise, with fever, loss of appetite, drowsiness, nose-bleed, and other symptoms; but in its advanced state it is intensely painful. Because of this enlargement, or "lion-face," leprosy is sometimes known as *Elephantiasis graecorum*. Readers of Somerset Maugham's *Moon and Sixpence* may recall the description of the onset of leprosy in his hero.

If, however, this chronic disease is diagnosed early, as it can be from the clinical signs and by laboratory tests, and the patient is given prompt and effective treatment, the symptoms frequently are arrested and do not go on to the hopeless condition which only death can relieve. Less than half of the patients who have been admitted to our National Leprosarium have died in the hospital, and some of these succumbed to maladies other than leprosy.

II

Just how leprosy is spread from the sick to the well, whether through the skin or in some other manner, is not precisely understood, but it is well known that infection occurs in most instances only after prolonged and intimate contact with an open case of cutaneous leprosy, and that the disease is usually contracted in childhood, although the lesions may not become manifest for many years.

The average period of development for the malady is from six to eight years after the initial infection, but it may vary all the way from a few months to as long as twenty years. No other disease, except possibly tuberculosis, has such a long period of incubation.

The rarity of leprosy in the United States is indicated by the fact that in more than half a century only about 1100 native-born lepers have been admitted to the National Leprosarium maintained by the Federal Public Health Service at Carville, La. In addition to these, this hospital has received about five hundred foreign-born lepers, almost half of whom have come from Mexico.

Throughout all of American history, only one case of leprosy has ever been reported in a native New Englander. Other cases have been found in this austere section of the country, but in every instance they had been imported from abroad, and were no hazard to anyone except themselves. At one time, the agitated Commonwealth of Massachusetts maintained a small leprosarium on Penikese Island in Buzzards Bay, with a capacity of nineteen patients, but this was abandoned many years ago and its few inmates were transferred to the national leper home.

Even when leprosy comes into our Northern states, it is soon extinguished.

During the middle years of the nineteenth century, about two hundred Scandinavians afflicted with leprosy were among the emigrants to our Middle West, most of them settling in Minnesota. During the next fifty years, no new cases developed, but from 1895 to 1916 seven new cases were found in the families of the original settlers. Since that time, there have been none, the disease apparently having given up its struggle against the rigorous climate.

Few persons know that every year, five or six lepers are discovered in and around New York City, or that a number of lepers arrive annually in the ports of our West Coast. If a leper with open lesions tries to come into the country legally, he is, of course, detected by the medical officers of our foreign quarantine service and is immediately deported. But in a certain number of cases, the disease is latent and it cannot be recognized until many years later. From California more than 230 lepers have been sent to the national hospital; all but a score of them have come from China, Hawaii, and the Philippines, or from Southern California and Mexico.

The active focus of leprosy in the United States today is in certain parts of the three Gulf Coast states, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. The disease was originally brought to Flor-

ida by African slaves imported by the Spaniards, although subsequent cases have been introduced from Cuba and the islands of the West Indies. It is not likely, however, that the pleasure-seeking tourist in Florida will ever encounter a case of leprosy or be endangered by the presence of the disease. As a matter of fact, the state has contributed only about eighty cases of leprosy to the national hospital over the course of the years, or considerably less than New York.

In Texas, leprosy was introduced by Mexicans into the region along the Rio Grande, but the disease has since become communicable on Texas soil itself and is now a definite public health problem in that particular state, a problem with which alert public health officials are endeavoring to cope. Texas has sent about as many people to the Carville hospital as California, but most of its lepers are Mexicans or of Mexican origin.

A romantic incident was responsible for the implantation of leprosy in Louisiana, the state which has always had the highest incidence of the disease in the United States. During the past half-century, more than six hundred lepers have been reported in Louisiana, or almost as many as in California, Texas, New York, and Florida combined. The scourge obtained a foothold among the Acadians who emigrated from Canada to Bayou

Teche and other parts of Louisiana shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century, a hegira immortalized by Longfellow in *Evangeline*. Some authorities have wondered if these French people brought the pestilence with them, but the more likely view is that they acquired it by contact with cases imported from the West Indies.

Although leprosy continued to spread among the closely-knit descendants of the Acadians for the next hundred years or more, particularly in the warm, humid climate of the bayou country, nothing constructive was done about it until 1894. In that year, the state legislature was finally induced to create a board of control for leprosy and to authorize the establishment of a special home for lepers. After much search, a more-or-less suitable site was found on an abandoned, isolated plantation in Iberville Parish about eighty miles up the Mississippi river from New Orleans. At the end of November 1894, eight patients were stealthily transferred in the dead of night on a coal barge towed by a tug. They were housed in the former slave quarters on the plantation.

This first state leprosarium was intended to be only a temporary expedient, since it was leased for five years. In 1900, the legislature appropriated funds for a new site and new buildings, but the prejudice

against the unfortunate lepers was so great that misguided neighbors arose in their wrath and burned down the whole place. After this bigoted display, reminiscent of the attitude of the Dark Ages, attempts to remove the hospital were reluctantly given up, and new and better cottages were constructed to replace the old slave cabins. The hospital continued as a state institution for about twenty years, caring for 338 patients during the quarter-century of its existence, with all but sixteen of them coming from Louisiana.

III

In 1917, following agitation by our national public health authorities, Congress passed a law providing funds for a national leprosarium, but action on this important matter was deferred during the first World War. After the war, a committee of Public Health Service officers was appointed to select a suitable location, but this committee quickly discovered that no state was willing to cede land or even permit the installation of such outcasts as lepers on its territory. The vexatious matter was finally settled by arranging to purchase the existing state leprosarium at Carville in Louisiana, and it was taken over by the Federal government on February 1, 1921.

On that day, the Carville hospital had 90 patients, but within a year or

two its clientele had nearly doubled as lepers began to flow in from the pesthouses in various states. In order to provide greater facilities, the hospital was expanded in 1924 at a cost of nearly \$700,000, so that it could care for 425 patients. Since most of the structures were wooden and a fire hazard, a complete reconstruction program was inaugurated in 1940 and completed in 1941 at a cost of about \$2.5 million, with the result that this leprosarium is now the finest institution of its type in the world. It is not a lazaretto but a home.

Today, the National Leprosarium can accommodate 480 ambulatory and 65 bed patients, although its census of lepers has always been considerably less than 400. Most of the sufferers from Hansen's disease, as the patients prefer to be called, are able to be up and about and to live more or less normal lives, especially in the home-like atmosphere of the Carville hospital. The malady is known as Hansen's disease after the Norwegian scientist, G. Armauer Hansen, who discovered the bacillus in 1873.

When the visitor approaches the National Leprosarium, he is surprised to find a self-sustaining community in a sparsely settled rural region, a community which occupies 350 acres and consists of a permanent group of imposing buildings, dominated by a large central edifice. Flanking it are

sixteen two-storey concrete buildings in which the ambulatory patients are comfortably housed, each in his own private room, which can be decorated to suit his taste. The hospital also has its own water supply, sewage disposal plant, power plant, dairy, incinerator, separate laundries for staff and patients, a fire department, post office, Protestant and Catholic churches with resident chaplains, paved roads, and numerous other comforts, including a huge new recreation hall in which the patients hold dances.

When this hospital was first established by the state in 1894, four brave Sisters of Charity volunteered to care for the persons afflicted with the supposedly loathsome disease. Ever since that time, the nursing service has been in the capable hands of the sisters of this order, modern disciples of the Christ who would not shun the lepers but healed them. Today there are more than a score of these sisters at the hospital, all graduate nurses, and all employees of the Government. They work under the direction of six medical officers of the U. S. Public Health Service and three civilian medical consultants who come out from New Orleans once a month. There is also a resident dental officer.

Some of these nurses and some of the other employees have been with the hospital continuously for more than a quarter of a century, working

in close proximity to the lepers during this entire period. None of them has ever contracted the disease, a fact which demonstrates the relatively non-contagious character of it in this country. In the entire history of the Carville hospital, only one employee has come down with leprosy.

Leprosy, furthermore, can no longer be considered a hopeless disease. In many instances, the disease is curable, or at least capable of being arrested, with the percentage of these arrested cases constantly rising. This success in recent years has been achieved by the use of sulfone drugs, such as promin, diasone, and promizole, which have been thoroughly tested under the direction of Dr. G. H. Faget, who became director of the hospital in 1940. Numerous other methods of therapy have been investigated, including vaccines and sera, antibiotics, vitamins, and chaulmoogra oil, but the sulfone drugs have proved to be the most efficacious and have replaced all other methods of treatment. In one year, more than thirty patients have been discharged as arrested cases, no longer a menace to the public health.

A few years ago, chaulmoogra oil, obtained from the kalaw tree of Assam and Burma, was highly touted as a "cure" for leprosy, but it is no longer considered to be of much value and is employed in only a few special

cases. The alleged healing effects of this oil had been known in ancient times, and it was used as a folk remedy in India long before it received scientific attention. In its crude form, the oil was irritating, but chemists succeeded in preparing salts and esters which could be safely injected. At first these compounds seemed to offer great hope, but the promise was not fulfilled.

IV

In addition to the modern leprosarium at Carville, the Government maintains extensive leper colonies at Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands and at Culion Island in the Philippines. It was to Molokai that the intrepid Belgian priest, Father Damien, went in 1873 to minister to the lepers. He labored among them unscathed for twelve years, but finally came down with the disease and died of it in 1889. His death inspired an eloquent tribute from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, who had visited the leper settlement the previous year.

It is instructive to contrast our one modern leper home with the thousands of lazarettoes which dotted Europe in the Middle Ages. One early historian stated that the various principalities were forced to maintain no less than 19,000 leprosarua at that time, although this figure is believed to be somewhat exaggerated.

King Louis VIII of France left legacies in 1226 to 2000 leper hospitals in his own realm. About a century later, Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland, died of leprosy, and lepers sat on the thrones of Castile and of many other European kingdoms.

Today it is estimated that there are about three million lepers in the world, most of them in Asia and Africa, with the majority in India, Burma, China, Japan, and the Netherlands East Indies. The disease seldom occurs in Europe now, except sporadically, but it is rife in certain parts of Central and South America, especially in the tropical regions. Most authorities believe that leprosy was unknown in the Americas until it was brought in by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century.

If leprosy were as contagious in the United States as it is in the tropics, where the presence of the malady is taken for granted, we should have not a few hundred cases but more than a million. Today there is comparatively little danger of contracting leprosy in any civilized country; today there is no reason for all lepers in this country to be segregated, although reasonable isolation is best for those who are in any way infectious or contagious. Today there is no justification whatever for leprophobia. It is about time we got over our horror of the disease.

INTERRUPTIONS {AN ESSAY IN VERSE}

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Shakespeare, going good, in a working dream: —

The cloudcapped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea — dissolve — inherit —

There comes a scream:

Will, hither! Bestir thee, Will!

(The man's a loon, I swear it)

Dost naught about the house?

Come to the aid of thy spouse,

There's a mouse on the larder shelf

And the cat's upset the cream!

Happily combing his beard with an inky quill,

Drinking port in seidels,

Tennyson deemed all else was nil

But elegies and idylls: —

Tears from the depth of some divine despair —

But from the top of the stair

Sounds the sudden scare, and shrill:

Hurry up, Alf! Your Emily

Is going to have more family;

Beat feet and do your share,

Tear up some old soft underwear,

Bring towels and hot water —

You've got another daughter.

Or Jefferson, on Independence bent:

We hold these truths self-evident —

Life — Liberty — unalienable right —

The patriot soul, in concentration whole,

Is making notes, for a thousand years of quotes —

Tom! You Tom! yells feminine lament;

And then, in a fit of the vapors:
Leave off those silly old papers,
The dogs are in a fight.

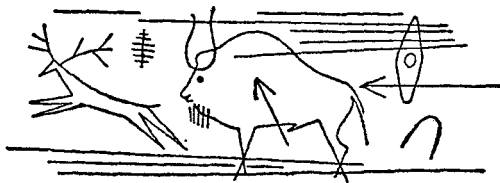
Maybe Goethe, steaming on his *Faust*
In a comfortable frowst,
In the twentieth year on the Second Part
Coming near the dream of his heart
Heard someone open the door, and roar:
Wolf! Gottes Willen, oeffnet das Fenster!
Lass fliegen die Gespenster!
That passage was irretrievably loused,
And he always held it against her.

The great Professor Stubbs, at Christmas '73,
Writing the preface to his History
(A masterpiece of jurisprudence,
Forgotten by most but Oxford students) —
The worst cause has often been illustrated
With the most heroic virtue —
But his mind is dissipated
When he hears the children bawl
In the home in Kettel Hall: —
The goose is on the table and we're starving;
Hi, Daddy! Regius Prof.!
It's time for scoff,
Come and do the carving!

There is one horror makes all writers kin,
Drives them to stomach ulcers or to gin:
Interruption, their poor alibi
For not writing things that never die.
But even more ridiculous and sad,
Those who lived so sheltered that they never had
Domestic uproar, or a telephone call,
Were never heard of at all.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



WANTED: A NEW WORD

OUR language is in need of a new word.

What is a naturalist? There is no answer to that question. Or, to put it more correctly, there are so many answers that there might as well be none.

In our language, any given word may have more than one meaning. A single word may have half a dozen meanings, or several dozen. The word "word" itself needs something like a column of dictionary-print for the statement of its thirteen major significances, and another half-column or so for explanation of the subtle nuance-changes that occur when "word" is combined with other words in hyphenation. Let anyone who supposes that language is simple take pencil and paper and undertake to write an adequate discourse on the meanings and employments of any word that may pop into his head. Let

him try "pop" or "head" or even "into." His discourse will not be completed in a trice. (*Trice*: A hoist; a pulley; a windlass; a hoisting; a lashing; a making fast; thus a single pull, or haul, or stroke; one effort; an instant; a jiffy (colloq.); a twinkling; a moment; an immeasurably small portion of time; also, as verb, *to trice*, meaning to lash, to bind, to secure, to fasten, etc.)

There is a tendency to pile more and more freights of meaning upon the sagging back of every single word. So ancient and overburdened a word as "it," for instance, which forty years ago was already doing duty as nearly everything from a simple reflexive in the objective case to the designation of the caught player in a game of tag — ("Tag! Tag! You're *it*!"), acquired in the 1920's still another signification. It became the special term for female sexual magnetism, as exerted by "flappers."

The invention of new words is, of

course, continuous; but so is this accretion of new meanings upon old words, and the expansion of what meanings they originally carried. It comes about that one single term may at last be staggering and tottering under a vast diversity of meanings. It may have come to mean so many things — it may have acquired so huge and generalized a load — that it scarcely means anything at all.

When this comes to pass, it is high time, in the interest of precision, to split up the load. It is time (speaking biologically) to begin splitting up the genus into families, the families into species and subspecies. When “fool” has come to mean too many kinds of fool, it is time to begin a nicer classification into nitwits, nincompoops, boobs, loons, goops, dopes and chumps. Idleness and beggary are spacious terms; they get to be too big, too loose, too inexact. It is time to split things up, and say with clarity whether our allusion is to a loafer, a loungeur, a scrounger, or, borrowing from the sweetly precise and untranslatable Yiddish, perhaps a *schmorrer*.

Among our words that have become carry-alls of too-various meanings, and have thus sagged into shapelessness and imprecision, none is more in need of easement and split-up than the word “naturalist.”

Once more: What *is* a naturalist?

Henry David Thoreau, sylvan solitary and meditative transcendentalist, is listed in the handiest work of biographical reference as “naturalist.” So is Professor J. L. R. Agassiz, the formidable geological and ichthyological scientist. So is a famous painter of bird-life and outdoor scenes; and so is a dry-minded scientific technician who makes laboratory tests of the doings of microorganisms. A word that can embrace passionate poets, breathless in contemplation of the morning star, and dreary-spirited dissectors of the trigeminal ganglia of *Rana clamitans*, the green frog, is a word whose meaning has swelled to uselessness. “Naturalist” has come to include virtually all people who pay some attention, in whatever mood and spirit and to whatever end, to the natural world in which the human creature finds itself. It is time for splitting-up and clarification.

A naturalist, according to the first of the seven dictionary definitions, is “a student of natural history.” Fair enough. But is the student a “nature-lover” or is the student a “scientist,” or is he perhaps a person of still a third mood and intention? There are three ways of contemplating a burdock-leaf. There are three visions with which to see into a sunrise. “Naturalist” won’t do. It tells us nothing. We need three terms to say three things. We have “nature-

lover" and we have "scientist." Those we can define; and the definitions mark off the place and rôle of the other "naturalists," for whom we need a word.

We all of us start out life as nature-lovers. It requires no special training or temperament to respond with a leap of the heart to the look of the sunrise, or the smell of furrowed fields after rain, or the sound of a pewee singing its unbearably lovely song in the depths of the green June woods. We are of the earth, all of us; and the happenings of earth excite and touch us from the beginning. When we carry this excitement, this poignance of appreciative delight, into our mature years — and when we *leave it at that*, content simply to hear the bird-song without wondering about the name of the bird, content simply to glory in the smell of the rain-wet field without speculation as to what keeps the field fecund or makes the rain effective — we remain in the primary category of "nature-lovers." It is not an ignoble estate. It is the estate of poetry, of the child-heart, and it contains keys to the kingdom of heaven.

At the opposite edge of the field of "naturalists" is the scientist. "Science" means, according to the dictionary, observation and classification of facts. It means the study of the measurable and verifiable, and it

means the formulation of testable general laws, chiefly by induction and hypothesis. The scientist is that one of us who has a passion to *analyze* the bird, the rain, the sunrise and the green June woods: to break them down into feathers, into chlorophyll, into gases and chemicals and atoms. *Scientia* is the particular sort of knowing achievable by the scientific method: the knowing of what can be quantitatively measured.

All right. Very well. Now then: What about the man in the middle?

II

The quality of the man in the middle is easily indicated by a mention of some of the men who have belonged in that category. John Burroughs belonged in it. Henry Thoreau belonged in it. It is the category where we must place W. H. Hudson, Richard Jefferies, and the contemporary Henry Williamson. Walter Prichard Eaton (not in his rôle as drama critic, of course, but for such of his writings as *Green Trails and Upland Pastures* or *A Bucolic Attitude* or *Edge of the Wilderness*) is to be placed in the group. We perhaps include Dan Beard; certainly Ernest Thompson Seton. We assign Edward Wilson, who perished in the Antarctic, and Oyihesa, the American Indian. Dallas Lore Sharp was of the company. Charles G. D. Roberts belonged. Enos Mills, naturalist of

the western parks, falls into the classification, and so does that curious and beaver-wise character called Grey Owl.

What have these in common? They have this: They have all brought to nature the passionate vision of "nature-lovers," plus an enrichment of factual knowledge such as science provides, but ever keeping the scientific fact as only a means to the greater breadth and depth of the original vision. Or put it another way. They have not reposed in the uninformed rapture of the nature-lover; but neither have they forgotten the rapture. They have put the facts of science to its service. Now we can phrase it most shortly. These men of nature are its artists.

They share a philosophy: the philosophy of primal wonder and delight. They are daft with the splendor of the world as created. They respond to the look of a common water reed, the smell of common earth, the texture of the elementary air. They would know this world better, they would pry out the facts of it, they would hug it to them in intimacy. They would know facts of science, yes; but they would put them to the work of making the living wonder of the earth come ever more vividly alive. They would learn what may be learned, science-wise, of the factualities about, say, an otter; but then they would

wish, using that lore as only tools and instruments, to seek the very inwardness and otterness of otters, by the exercise of an instructed empathy. The nature-lover rests in a rapture. The scientist looks to datum, analysis, measurement. The middle company would preserve the rapture, but intensify it and have it the sounder and the fuller for the use, in its service, of the stuff of fact.

What shall this kind of men be called? As it happens, there is a word for them, a word beautifully fit and descriptive, lying waiting. The word is *naturist*.

It is already in the dictionary, meaning a follower of "naturism," which is a sort of elegant variant of "naturalism"; but it has long been as dead in that sense as the phrase "natural philosophy" to describe what we now call physics. *Naturist* and *naturism* are deceased words. They could profitably be brought to life, to serve the living purpose of designating a sort of man, and a sort of dedication, that until now have lacked a name.

The use of *naturist* has been advocated before. Henry Tracy, biologist, writer, and himself clearly a *naturist* in spirit, proposed the word more than twenty years ago. The proposal seems to have come to nothing. It is now made again.

What is a *naturalist*? Why, any and every sort of fellow: a measurer

of fly-wings, an explorer of Tibet, a poet who writes forest-hymns, a juiceless dullard in a laboratory cubbyhole who makes charts of the changing incidence of cheese-mites in a piece of cheese.

If we say that a man is a nature-lover, we have said something precise about his cast of spirit and kind of mind. If we say that he is a scientist, we have said that his concern is with the measurable, the exactly verifiable, and we can look to him for *that* sort of thing. And if we say that he is a naturalist, we have declared what manner of Thoreau-man, wilderness-hearted man, primitively passionate but fact-gathering sort of artist-man we are talking about. Nature-lovers for love of nature; scientists for love of facts; and naturalists for those who would quicken and vivify the facts by the power of the primary love.

It would be a great help, I think,

to literary criticism and scientific criticism alike. It would be a great improvement if Henry Thoreau and Dr. Kinsey were not both listed in a reference book, as they are now, as "naturalists." We all look at nature. But how? In what spirit? To what end?

The special tradition of naturalists is old and clearly marked. We recognize it at once in a wolf-tale by Thompson Seton. We see it in a pond-side paragraph written at Walden. It shines out of the essays composed on the birch table at Slabsides. It quickens to a very blaze of expression in paintings by John James Audubon. These are the naturalists at work: men loving nature, gathering facts, and then, out of love and fact, creating a vision of the wonder of things.

It would be to the good of language, which is the good of understanding, if this company had a name.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REED COLLEGE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

MOST citizens of Oregon are proud and delighted that during the last decade their state has enjoyed one of the greatest rates of population increase in the entire country. This growth in no way astonishes them for they consider their natural blessings to be many and obvious. They like to cite the mild if moist climate of the western portion of their state. They point with pride to their incomparable forests, their productive soil, their illimitable potential for hydroelectric power. When these and other bounties have been enumerated, good Oregonians will also call attention to their public schools and the state system of higher education, which includes a college and a university. But only in recent years have any number of citizens begun to realize that their state also contains a remarkable, perhaps a unique place of learning — Reed college — whose stature has increased all out of proportion to its size and its relatively “remote” location in the far northwest corner of the United States.

Reed is either quite wonderful, or simply dreadful; it has never been charged with mediocrity. In the years between two wars, for instance, one in every 123 of its graduates was a Rhodes Scholar as against a national average of one in every 4500. In the authoritative *American Men of Science* the graduates of Reed’s modest physics department are as numerous as physicists from the vastly larger undergraduate colleges of Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and Princeton. After nearly forty years of such unusual accomplishments in the field of higher education Reed has finally achieved a local reputation almost as good as that which it has long since enjoyed in such foreign parts as Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Chicago, and Oxford in England.

It was not always so. For many years it was virtually a maxim in the Pacific Northwest that all the queer kids went to Reed college at Portland. This has gradually changed, and to-day one often hears: “Reed — that’s

STEWART H. HOLBROOK’S last article for the MERCURY, “*The New England Emigrant Aid Company*,” appeared in the July issue. He is the author of *The Yankee Exodus*.

where the smart kids go." But the "queer" tag was probably inevitable in former years since Reed pioneered in many things, and pioneers are likely to find the going rough. The homespun men and women who came with the creaking wagons were sorely tried by the difficulties of the Oregon trail, yet six months commonly found them safe in the lush Willamette valley. The pioneers at Reed have been on *their* trail for almost forty years, and one is prepared to believe it has been no journey for weaklings.

II

Reed college was founded in 1911 on a bequest from Simeon Gannett Reed and his wife Amanda, natives of Massachusetts. Reed was in the van of those freewheeling New Englanders who came around the Horn to Oregon. Reed teamed up with other energetic men, bought and built steamboats, and quickly established a river transportation monopoly. The success of their operations is indicated by the dividend presented to their stockholders in 1867, one that even Yankees deemed suitable: it was 36.8 per cent.

In his later years Simeon Reed came into the orbit of influence of the Reverend Thomas Lamb Eliot, first pastor of the Unitarian church in Portland; and Eliot, of the celebrated family of educators and preachers —

and poets — gently led Mr. and Mrs. Reed to the idea of founding a school. The wills of the Reeds provided for the college. The board of trustees, headed by Dr. Eliot, set forth to find the right man to take charge of what had been decided should be a small and fine liberal arts college with no religious connections — a stipulation quite shocking in Oregon, where six different church groups had already established six colleges. The proposal to found a privately endowed school that was not a watertight compartment of a special brand of theology was considered deplorable.

Dr. Eliot's idea was not that of a protective compartment, anyway. He envisioned a place where the heady breezes of what used to be called, with capital letters, Free Enquiry, might blow. To be the first president of this ideal he reached across the continent for William T. Foster, a Bowdoin graduate. Foster was only 33, but he had already been heard from, for he was audibly discontented with American colleges. He accepted. The new college, he announced, would not be hampered with hallowed traditions, most of which, he said, were petrified errors. He came to Portland and went out into the far suburbs to see his new campus, a gift of forty acres of cow pasture from the estate of William S. Ladd, a transplanted native of Vermont.

Then, while construction of the first college buildings got under way, Foster and faculty set up school in an old store in downtown Portland. Of more than 260 applicants, less than 50 were accepted as possessing, potentially, the Reed quality. Within a year classes were moved into the college buildings in the cow pasture, which then became the Reed campus, unfenced against man, or beast, or idea. Reed college had begun its exciting career.

The good people of Oregon first became aware of something new and disturbing in their midst when Reed college announced that intercollegiate athletics had no place in its program. Nor would sororities or fraternities be tolerated. The effect of these distinctly un-American heresies in the Pacific Northwest, where football and fraternities were held in greatest esteem, was profound. Nor did it help matters that President Foster favored a mild form of simplified spelling, which was later dropped, though not before it had added infinitely to Reed's growing reputation as a most damnably queer place.

Of greater importance were Reed's rigid qualifications for admission and continuance, and for the quality of its faculty. In 1911 and for several years after, Reed stood almost alone among American colleges in declining

to admit students "on condition," a policy that has since come into common practice elsewhere. Reed also demanded a senior thesis and final oral examination. Harvard and others have since adopted similar requirements.

Reed's faculty was composed in large part of young men discontented with the attitudes and methods of conventional colleges. Reed's ideal, which Foster said was to seek the mentally alert and encourage them to think, attracted, among others, Karl T. Compton, later president of M.I.T.; Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois; William F. Ogburn, long with the University of Chicago; Edward O. Sisson, later president of the University of Montana; Kenneth S. Latourette of Yale; Joseph K. Hart, later editor of *The Survey*; Harry B. Torrey and Hudson B. Hastings, respectively professors at Stanford and Yale; and F. L. Griffin, still at Reed and quite generally rated as one of the top mathematics men in the country.

That group of early Reed professors would today probably warrant the term "galaxy." And Foster was alert to pick up other able if unconventional teachers. When he read in the news that a physics professor had just been fired from the University of Utah, Foster remarked that "he sounds like my man"; he then took

off for Salt Lake City, where he forthwith engaged A. A. Knowlton and brought him to Reed. Much later Professor Knowlton received the Research Corporation award "for distinguished teaching." Now, at 73 and theoretically retired, Knowlton has been visiting professor at Bennington, another and newer "radical experiment" that appears to be surviving well in Vermont.

During World War I Reed's income shrank fearfully. Professor Charles McKinley recalls that on occasion the college was hard put to get a load of coal for heating. Nor did President Foster's outspoken stand against the war help matters any, even though he went overseas with the Red Cross. Yet, in the mind-chilling atmosphere of 1916-1919, there was no attempt on the part of the trustees to hamper thought or speech at Reed. Foster resigned, not under fire nor because he was asked to, but simply because of ill health. Swimming against the powerful currents of convention is wearing on both mind and body. Reed has thus been uncommonly hard on its presidents.

Richard F. Scholz, a brilliant product of the University of Wisconsin and of Oxford, where he had been in the first group of Rhodes Scholars, was brought in to head the college. He came at a time when Reed's

standing in Oregon, which at best had never approached popularity, had slipped because of attacks on Foster during and after the war. And now two wholly unrelated names were conjured up out of the recent past to plague the college as nothing before or since. Indeed, no writer of fiction would care to try the credulity of his readers by inventing a fantasy of coincidence such as was used, most savagely, to discredit Reed college.

III

A native of Portland named John Reed had died a Soviet hero in Russia and had, moreover, gained such popular acclaim among communists that he was buried, with titanic ceremonies, along with Lenin in the wall of the Kremlin. That neither John Reed nor any of his family had any connection by blood or act with Reed college, mattered not at all. The rumor was born, and in time became a piece of folklore so adamant that there are Oregonians to this day who believe John Reed founded and supported Reed college for the express purpose of training young commissars. Lesser canards have ruined institutions.

The John Reed myth got the stoutest kind of support from the fact that an obscure labor leader named William Z. Foster had just headed a tremendous and violent

steel strike, and had thus become a national front-page Menace. Well, wasn't he the same William Foster who had been president of Reed college, who had trained American communists there? It was made to order. One and the same man — that was the way the story had it. Nobody connected with Reed at that period ever doubted the sinister effect of the John Reed-William Z. Foster folklore. From it stemmed the scandalous trinity of "Communism, Atheism, and Free Love" which was so firmly attached to Reed college that a quarter of a century has been required for its dissipation.

President Scholz ignored, as well as he could, the libels about Reed, and went ahead with his own complete plan of education, a plan in no way contrary to Reed's basic ideas but one he believed would come closer to the college's ideal — that of producing a thoroughly educated graduate. As a Rhodes Scholar he had admired the best products of the English universities, men at home in the field of ideas, whether of language, art, history, or science. He threw out the elective system at Reed, and got rid of the few fragmentary courses. Instead, said he, there would be four groups of related subjects: literature and language; history and social science; mathematics and natural science; philosophy, psy-

chology, and education. All students were to pursue virtually the same course for the first two years, then each student was to decide upon some major field of concentrated study for his last two years.

In President Scholz' régime, as before and since, Reed students were often exposed to whatever *ism* was going the rounds. Socialists, exponents of Dr. Coué, Wobblies, communists, technocrats, even Republicans, one and all they have been given a hearing at Reed and have met with a courtesy tempered by red-hot questions from lively audiences. This continuous exposure to ideas of every shade has not produced a mass of "radicals." It has, however, produced an alumni group with an unusually high quota of tolerance for the opinions of others.

President Scholz also waged a successful campaign for endowment funds. Then, just as the college was emerging from its financial troubles, Scholz died. But he had generated sufficient intellectual and spiritual energy to outlast his own physical limitations. Foster and Scholz, between them, had fashioned the style, tradition and atmosphere that belong distinctly to Reed college; and more than a few much larger colleges and universities have drawn from this reservoir some of their own comparatively recent departures from hal-

lowed traditions or, as William T. (not William Z.) Foster called them, petrified errors.

IV

Forty years after its founding, Reed is still what its founders planned — a small and fine liberal arts college, with a current enrollment of 700 students. It still bans fraternities and sororities. It still ignores intercollegiate sports. One of its past presidents, Dexter M. Keezer, said that the college had done several wonderful things, including “elimination of that super misfit, the young man who goes to college primarily to use his brawn rather than to develop his brain.” Keezer said also that one good reason why the college has attracted so many able teachers is because it “has none of the distractions and obstructions created by the conventional athletic and social set-up.”

Another former president, Peter H. Odegard, has remarked that Reed’s faculty is not excelled anywhere. Word of this has obviously gotten around, for today almost half of the student body comes from outside Oregon. More than half of Reed’s graduates go on to further study in graduate and professional schools. It is one of fourteen liberal arts colleges from which M.I.T. admits transfers, after the junior year, without ex-

amination. It ranks fifth, nationally, in the percentage of students who go on to receive Ph.D. degrees in the natural sciences. Reed’s honor system opens the library stacks to all. There is no proctoring of examinations. There is no roll call on class attendance. The honor system does not always work perfectly, but successive Reed faculties have decided it works better than other systems and develops unusually self-reliant students.

The general atmosphere at Reed is, quite naturally, intellectual; the “big” men and women on the campus are scholars; but the student body isn’t bookish. Students ski, dance, and swim. Now and then they indulge in horseplay that usually satirizes current events. But there has never been a town-and-gown riot. At Reed, the term “Joe College” is the sternest criticism possible.

Scholastically, Reed is an unqualified success. Its great cross, that of unconventionality, is lighter than it was. It is beginning to harvest respect, often grudging, for its allegiance to Free Enquiry. The local press has ceased to speak harshly of the college, and has come to mention its “exceptionally high educational standards” and its “stubborn tradition of open-mindedness.” Reed’s endowment is approximately the same as the one it started with. Its fifteen buildings are now inadequate.

Reed's president today is Ernest B. MacNaughton, who wants to do something about Reed's finances, but not at the cost of permitting the school to achieve "standard college respectability." He is not a professional educator, but is chairman of the board of one of the Northwest's biggest banks, president of the *Oregonian*, and a director in a score of corporations. These facts alone would probably damn him in the eyes of Reed's faculty and students, were MacNaughton nothing else. But he is several other things which combine to make him by all odds the most unconventional big businessman in all the region. He reads books, all sorts of books. The newspaper he heads prints whatever is news, no matter what the economic consequences are to its advertising columns. This head of "atheistic" Reed college is also national moderator of the Unitarian church in the United States. But what really puts MacNaughton in the general maverick, or unconventional class, is the fact that though he is a businessman, he has the courage to paint in water colors and doesn't care who knows it. Happily, he also paints extremely well. MacNaughton, who serves Reed without pay, has stated his position publicly:

I am not an educator. I believe, however, that Reed's methods and

attitude have long since passed through the pioneering stage and will, in good time, be largely adopted by all American colleges worth their salt. Most of our big universities have discovered that general education alone can result in dilettantism; and that specialization alone makes for a restricted viewpoint. Science and the humanities must be linked. Reed has been working to this end for nearly four decades.

What most irritates President MacNaughton is the old canard of "radicalism," which is still applied to Reed. "If," he said recently, "we are to accept a definition of radical as including any defense of civil liberties or expression of opinion not favorable to the existing economic order, then I shall not attempt to defend Reed college against the charge of radicalism. Reed is devotedly all-American from its grass roots." A list of Reed's 600 male graduates between 1915 and 1940 seems to bear out this assertion. It contains 48 physicians (plus a dozen women who have gone into medicine); sixteen attorneys, five Protestant clergymen and three rabbis. It also contains officials of banking concerns and investment houses; a number of high-placed Government officials in Washington; industrial researchers by the dozens; physicists in private and government employment; presidents and deans of colleges; many professors; and one operator of a

night club. An analysis of all Reed graduates, men and women, shows a good percentage engaged in education and research.

More important than the status of Reed's alumni today, perhaps, are the positions from which many of them started. One of Oregon's most distinguished physicians recently commented on another doctor who had attended Reed with him and who now declines to aid the college's alumni scholarship fund. "That successful man of medicine and I," he

said, "sold newspapers on opposite corners in Portland when we were fourteen. He can fool himself all he wants to, but if there hadn't been a first-class college in this town that poor boys could get to on a streetcar, he wouldn't now have a medical degree from Cornell and I wouldn't have one from Harvard." John Reed and William Z. Foster might have trouble fitting that item into the Marxist-Stalinist line. It is probably, however, exactly what Simeon and Amanda Reed, and William T. Foster, had in mind.

PARIS

BY HARRY ROSKOLENKO

The stumbling trees, stumps of ancient
Growing, with candelabra figments,
Hug the blue vapor above the Seine.

La Frette is a summer canopy
Of birds, whistlers of green music,
An opera of small notes in poplars.

Long tugs, canoes of raging commerce
Roam their Diesel softness down
The angles of water, mirroring the trees.

It is a French painting softly breaking
The air, the crucifixion of gentility
Standing in vapor in the midst of nothing.

CASANOVA AND HIS AMOURS

BY BERGEN EVANS

ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1763, a tall, dark, slightly sinister man — who chose to call himself the Chevalier de Seingalt — was traveling from Marseilles to Avignon in the company of a “sweet brunette,” whom he chose to call his niece. At five P.M. the chain of their carriage broke and the coachman, after inspecting the damage, announced that they could not hope to proceed further that day. Fortunately they were within sight of a handsome chateau, where they were invited to spend the night after they had sent in an account of their misfortune. So sumptuous did they find the table and so agreeable the company that they could only regard their accident as a piece of good luck.

There was, however, one detail not wholly in keeping with the warmth of their reception — their hostess, a widow in her thirties and obviously a lady of rank and wealth, remained veiled and spoke very little, although she seemed to attend to the conversation with the keenest interest. The chevalier, sensitive to the mysterious-

ness in any woman, was curious, and sought by every means to engage her in talk. But to no avail. She seemed pleased by his attentions but maintained her reserve, and even declined, with cordial thanks, his delicately-worded offer to repay her kindness by spending the night with her — she added, however, that she would be delighted with the company of his charming companion.

The chevalier accepted the situation philosophically; he slept soundly (alone), ate heartily the next morning, thanked his still-unseen hostess, collected his “niece” and continued his journey. Naturally he cross-questioned the girl thoroughly, but no light was thrown on the mystery until they entered Avignon. Then the girl drew a letter from her bosom and handed it to him, saying, “The countess asked me to give you this but made me promise not to do so until we were in Avignon.” The chevalier eagerly broke the seal. Inside, on a blank sheet of paper, was the single word “Henriette,” at the sight

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of which he became deathly pale and fell into a motionless stupor, for about a quarter of an hour. Then, as life seemed to return to him, he broke into passionate sobbing. It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to alight at their inn, where his accustomed cheerfulness returned and he ordered an excellent supper sent up to a single room with a double bed.

II

The Chevalier de Seingalt is better known today by his true name — Jacques Casanova. The “sweet brunette” was a merry bisexual Venetian girl called Marcoline; Casanova had taken her away from his loutish younger brother, who he felt was unworthy of her. Henriette must remain for us, as for Casanova himself, simply Henriette. Of all his mistresses she was the one he loved most, the one with whom he experienced the greatest mutual joy, the one whose loss he most sincerely mourned. And yet, for all this, she remained, except for her first name, completely unknown to him.

Their first meeting was even more romantic than their last. Fifteen years before the incident at the chateau the 23-year-old Casanova had been “traveling for his health,” in an attempt to put a few salubrious frontiers between himself and certain

officers of the law. At Cesena he was awakened one morning by a noise outside his door. Investigating, he found that it was caused by the bishop’s archers, who had come to arrest one of the guests at the inn, an elderly Hungarian officer, on the charge that he was traveling with a woman who was not his wife. The officer sat up in bed in his nightshirt with his sword drawn; he maintained that his companion was attired in a man’s uniform and that he had never investigated what lay beneath it. Furthermore, he guaranteed to kill the first archer who might attempt any discoveries for himself.

But Casanova had obtained a glimpse of “the sweetest, freshest, smiling face, with untidy locks under a man’s cap” peeping out of the other side of the bed; he therefore flung himself into the fray and, by means of bribing and blustering, he managed to get the archers called off. He then invited himself to breakfast with the pair, and found to his rapture that the mysterious companion was a delightful young Frenchwoman of about nineteen, whose natural charms, he at once observed, were hardly obscured by the blue uniform she wore. When he further discovered that the Hungarian officer was over sixty and that he and the girl could not converse, since they had no language in common, he decided that the situa-

tion demanded his attention. On hearing that the couple was going to Parma he begged them to do him the honor of sharing his carriage, for he too was going to Parma. Actually he was going to Naples and he had no carriage, but when they accepted his offer he excused himself for a moment, scurried out, bought a carriage, and hired a coachman who knew the way to Parma.

For several days they traveled together in the highest spirits. Since every moment in the girl's company was so delightful, he took advantage of the very first absence of the Hungarian captain to declare his feelings with plainness and vigor. The young woman seemed more amused than offended. "Fancy," she said laughingly, "anyone making a declaration of love in such a manner, at the sword's point, as it were, instead of softly, tenderly, insinuatingly." Casanova's answer showed her that she stood in the presence of greatness. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I am neither tender, nor gallant, nor pathetic; I am passionate. Come, there is no time to lose!" He was kissing her hand when the captain came in. The old soldier perceived at once that he had been outflanked and, since the campaign had already dangerously over-extended his lines of supply, he retired in good order.

Such was Casanova's first meeting

with Henriette. It was followed by three months of unalloyed delight. He had been lucky at cards and had plenty of money. They were both young, passionate, gay, tender and devoted. They desired nothing but each other's company. Henriette wanted to live a secluded, almost furtive life, which suited Casanova perfectly. But the idyll ended almost as abruptly as it had begun when the French ambassador saw Henriette one day and seemed to recognize her.

There were immediate conferences, the ambassador pleading in a low, insistent voice for hours and Henriette weeping unceasingly. What was going on Casanova never knew. He was treated with courtesy but was given clearly to understand that he must not interfere or ask questions. It was fairly plain that Henriette was a runaway from some noble French family and that the ambassador was trying to persuade her to go back home with as little scandal as possible.

Eventually he succeeded. Casanova was permitted to accompany her as far as Geneva where they spent their last night together in tears at the Hotel des Balances. The next day Henriette went on without him, sending back a folded sheet of paper on which she had written the single word "Adieu." On a window pane in the room he noticed that she had scratched with a diamond, "You will forget

Henriette." It was too much; he flung himself onto the cold bed and cried until merciful sleep brought oblivion.

Years later he stayed at the same hotel and by chance was placed in the same room. He was then no longer young. He was sick, he was an exile and he was destitute. He *had* forgotten Henriette; at least he had forgotten that this was the very hotel in which they had stayed until he noticed the writing on the pane. In a flash the whole scene came back to him, along with the memory of what he had once been.

I felt the hair stand on my head [he wrote]. Overcome, I dropped into a chair. Comparing the self I was now with the self I had been then, I had to recognize that I was less worthy to possess her. I still knew how to love, but I realized that I had no longer the delicacy that I had in those earlier days, nor the feelings which really justify the transports of the senses, nor the same tender ways, nor finally a certain probity which extends itself even to one's weaknesses; but what frightened me was to have to acknowledge that I no longer possessed the same vigor.

And then, three years later, on the way from Marseilles to Avignon he had seen her again and he had not known her, until the single word on the folded sheet left no doubt that

the veiled countess was Henriette!

Six years later their paths crossed once more. Casanova, then friendless and poor, became very ill while passing through Aix; he might well have died had not some good angel ordered him moved to comfortable lodgings, fed and nursed. The good angel, he learned from the nurse, was the same countess who had concealed her face from him before (not for the sake of mystery, however, but from sadness, as he then discovered: Henriette had lost her beauty and could not bear to have him know that she had changed!).

III

Jacques Casanova, the hero of this and a thousand other adventures, was born at Venice in 1825. His parents were traveling actors and left him, when he was only a year old, in the care of his grandmother. As with many another great man his particular talents were late in developing. At twelve he stole a sequin from his tutor in order to buy a ring for a little girl who had kissed him, but that was merely innocent gratitude. At fifteen he was still so backward that the girl who brought him his breakfast could slip into his bed with impunity to get warm while he ate. She said it was all right because he was not only a divinity student but a stick-in-the-mud. She was right, but

her trusting nature was soon abused by another young man, to whom breakfast was not so important, and the poor girl went from bad to worse until she died in misery. Casanova never ceased to reproach himself for his boorish ignorance which, he felt, was chiefly responsible for her fall.

Roused to generous action by remorse, he proceeded to have his first love affair the same year, a double amour with the sisters Nanette and Marton, who had expressed sympathy when their friend Angela had turned him down. Casanova suggested that he come and read poetry with them all night, which he did; when it grew chilly he said that bundling would be a fine way to show the sympathy they professed. They were alarmed at first but he pointed out that they had nothing to fear, since they were two to one. They accepted the challenge, but something went wrong with their plan of defense. He recalled in his old age that it was a sweet introduction to love, yet it had taught him nothing because there were never any complications. All any of them wanted was pleasure, which they had.

His grandmother had slated him for the church and it looked for a while as if a brilliant ecclesiastical career might lie before him. At the age of seventeen he was permitted to preach in one of the most fashionable churches in Venice. But he was so

elegantly dressed and he spoke with such warmth that the special collection taken for his benefit contained not only an extraordinary amount of money but an even more extraordinary collection of mash notes from the ladies of the congregation.

Sensing that there was something besides theology in the business he became overconfident; the next time he spoke he dispensed with any preparation whatsoever and was immediately struck speechless with stage fright. When his mind went blank he pretended to faint and was carried ignominiously out of the pulpit. Soon afterwards he was expelled from the seminary for scandalous and immoral conduct, and he set out upon the sixty years of adventures which were to delight the world forever.

He was by turns a soldier, abbé, spy, journalist, diplomat, manufacturer and financier. He spent a good deal of his time in both palaces and prisons. He was familiar with kings and cut-throats, pundits and police. At times he lived in squalid poverty, at other times in lavish opulence, squandering millions with a carelessness that amazed even the eighteenth century. Where he got all his money is still a mystery, though he confesses to three major sources of income: cheating at cards or, as he called it, "assisting fortune"; M. de Bragadin; and the Marchioness d'Urfe.

M. de Bragadin was a Venetian senator who met Casanova by chance, fell under the spell of his charm and came to regard him as a foster son, giving him rooms in his palace, an allowance and protection against the police. He believed that Casanova could work magic and Casanova encouraged the belief. He was genuinely fond of the old man, however, though M. de Bragadin's complete abstention from the company of women confirmed his opinion that he was feeble-minded.

The Marchioness d'Urfe was immensely wealthy and completely mad. From their first meeting she was convinced that Casanova possessed supernatural powers and certainly one amatory performance of his, considering that she was over seventy, came very close to proving her right. Their mutual monkeyshines were unequalled and almost beyond imagination. Before her relatives could intervene Casanova had actually relieved her of more than a million francs, but his defense is that she was wealthy enough to afford it, that he gave her a glorious time for her money, and if he hadn't robbed her some less amusing scoundrel would have done so.

IV

With the money acquired from these and other sources he devoted himself to making love to women. That was

his true career, his great work, his life's purpose, glory, justification and sole end. For this, perhaps the most exacting and arduous of all pursuits, he was magnificently equipped. Physically he was a Hercules, well over six feet tall, bull-chested, slender-waisted, muscular yet graceful. In intimate matters he confesses that nature had dealt "most liberally" with him. His constitution was incredible. He survived smallpox, dysentery, pneumonia, thirteen duels, eleven venereal infections and forty years of eating in hotels. He was shot, hacked and stabbed. His horse fell on him twice. He was in half a dozen carriage accidents. He was frequently bruised and cut by glass in leaping from windows. He barely escaped drowning. He was poisoned and starved. Yet he lived on to write twelve huge volumes of reminiscences in a tough and quarrelsome old age.

And he was as richly endowed mentally as physically; he was an accomplished linguist, a mathematician, historian, poet, chemist, philosopher and theologian. He was a truly learned man, loving knowledge second only to women, vastly curious about all things. He was skeptical, witty, bold and self-confident. He was a consummate actor with a deep, musical voice, and he was one of the most fascinating talkers of his age.

In addition he had several minor

accomplishments: he was a great dancer; he played the violin well enough to earn his living by it when he had to; he was a master of sleight of hand, a clever card sharper and — a necessary corollary — a skilled and dangerous swordsman; and his talent for designing costumes would have made him a successful couturier if he hadn't been more concerned with the content than the form of ladies' garments.

Above all, he was *alive*, seeking sensation for the sheer joy of heightened consciousness. He liked the tension of great risks. He never cringed to life or tried to sneak anything off the counter when fate wasn't looking. He knew what he wanted and went directly for it. His motto was pleasure, not safety, first. "I should regard myself blameworthy if I were rich today," he wrote in his penniless, toothless old age; "but I have squandered all my possessions, and that is a great consolation to me." His friend the Prince de Ligne said of him that "he loved everything and coveted everything and after having possessed everything he knew how to get along on nothing."

Casanova's success in love is without parallel. In the twenty years of active life covered by his memoirs he lists more than one hundred and fifty heroines and there is definite evidence from outside sources to sup-

port his implication that these were selected cases. But it is not in the *number* of his conquests that his pre-eminence lies. Many have surpassed him there. August of Saxony-Poland, for instance, known as "August the Strong," had almost three hundred children; and several Mohammedan chieftains are thought to have exceeded even this. Casanova's pre-eminence is as a *lover*; it was the passion that he poured into his love affairs that makes his career unique.

He had no "method," no "secret process," no "technique." The timid and the impotent need not hope to become irresistible merely by reading his *Memoirs*. The "secret" of Casanova's success lies in the fact that he liked women, that the chief happiness of his life consisted in making women happy. Time and again a woman's happiness was his sole end and sufficient reward. On one occasion he saw a ragged little girl wistfully eyeing a pair of earrings in a jeweler's window. He bought them for her, just to enjoy her rapture. The price was exorbitant and the child's mother, hoping to curry favor with him, insisted that he had been cheated. "I paid too much for the earrings," said Casanova, "but I was not cheated; I wasn't buying the earrings but the girl's happiness, and," he emphasized, "I am a better judge of the value of *that* than the jeweler is."

His approach to love was astonishingly direct. "Madame," he wrote to an actress whom he had just met, "I should like to begin an intrigue with you." There was no trickery to justify counter-trickery, no nonsense about etchings, none of the ambiguities that permit coquettes to play and escape. Needless to say many women were offended and he was frequently rebuffed. He doesn't pretend that he wasn't and he doesn't pretend that these rebuffs were not humiliating. The conception of Casanova as one who smugly relates an endless list of amorous triumphs is wholly erroneous. All he says is that he wasn't *always* rebuffed. And he argued that even anger is preferable to indifference, for almost any emotion can be changed to love; the important thing is to have *some* emotion to work with.

If any woman really wished to be free of his attentions, all she had to do was to reject him with the same honest plainness that he used in his approach. The simple phrase "I do not love you" was fully sufficient to end his most ardent desires. He never hung around a woman's neck like so much wet seaweed.

V

When Casanova had made the nature of his intentions unmistakably plain and had started the lady's mind on a

train of thought that would, eventually, lead her to *some* man, he would, unless rejected, commence his wooing, which was also simple and direct. "I felt sure," he says, "that I could make a woman pleased with me if I could first make her pleased with herself." And so he praised her and sought opportunities that would allow her to display *her* charms and talents, so that her good humor and, above all, her self-confidence would grow. For love, he felt, was the consequence of gaiety and high spirits, and self-confidence would soon translate love into action. As for himself, he had no concern. He had established the fact that he was available — "the man who can give birth to amorous desires," he said, "is easily called on to gratify them."

One detail in his manner of wooing is unusual enough to deserve particular mention: he preferred *not* to be alone with an inexperienced girl but to see her, at first, in the company of another girl. Parents who believe their daughter safe with a man if she is always accompanied by another girl are mistaken, says Casanova. Alone, a virtuous girl will probably fall back on her virtue and there's no dislodging her from that. But in the presence of another girl each wants to appear more sophisticated than the other, and it is very easy to incite them into a progressive rivalry of folly.

Casanova's true skill lay in the manner in which he set about to arouse a woman's desires. There, indeed, he showed the hand of the master. There was nothing lewd or indecent about him. All his life he loathed dirty stories. Love was too important to him to make a joke of it or to regard it as something unclean. Furthermore, leers and double-meanings were inadvisable if only as technique; one must always be discreet, he insisted, until it was time to be indiscreet. And then "the last struggles of modesty must be respected." Casanova set no value whatever upon virginity, but he could not endure an immodest woman.

What he really set out to do was to excite the woman about *life*. For love, he felt, was life's supreme manifestation and would flower naturally if life were intense enough. He sought to arouse women's curiosity, to show them new and exciting pleasures, so that their old, conventional life would seem dull and unendurable. He devised parties, disguises and masquerades. He washed their worries with a shower of gold. He regaled them with banquets, thrilled them with intimate suppers, dressed them in new clothes, taught them to dance with a vigor they had never dared to think themselves capable of. He kept them in continual laughter with his wit, told them of far countries, great peo-

ple and wild adventures he had known, so that their lives seemed restricted and narrow. He got them drunk with joy, reckless with happiness, and filled them with excited confidence in their own capacities to be and act, until, their pulses surging, *they* swept away the restraints and gave themselves eagerly to their own impulses.

There was no betrayal. He gave himself as unreservedly as they did. Women knew that in Casanova they had found a man to whom love was the *supreme* value. Love and prudence, he declared, cannot be allied, and no one ever had cause to accuse him of prudence. Money and even health were desirable to him only to be spent in love's service. All morality, he believed, must begin by regarding love as the chief good. All aesthetics must accept the facts of love. The namby-pambyness, the basic dishonesty, of so much modern cosmetic advertising that pretends to talk about love is exposed in one sentence from the master-lover: "I have always found the natural odor of my beloved ones exceedingly pleasant." Casanova wanted to smell a woman, not a cake of soap!

He did not use love, as many men and women do, as a means to some other end. He did not use it to gain wealth or security; he did not seek in love, as many men do, to triumph

over the woman, to debase her and thus be revenged for his own shortcomings. He was neither sentimental nor mawkish; he never talked about the "higher" things in love because he refused to admit there were lower things; he never sneaked into a woman's bed under the pretense that it was a cradle. He wanted to love and to be loved, not to whine and to be babied. The man was fully weaned; the breast was, for him, an accessory.

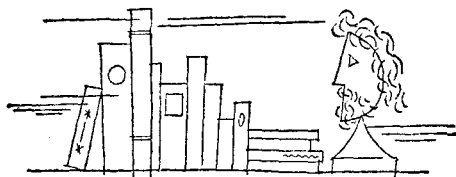
Nothing would be more mistaken, however, than to deduce from this that he was rough or overbearing. He was entirely too sure of his own virility to play the bully. He was genuinely affectionate, infinitely patient and tender, and adept at "the art of coddling love." His pleasure was entirely dependent upon the woman's; the very thought of crude possession was abhorrent to him. Several times women excited him and then tried to arrange matters so that they would seem to have been unwilling partners and would thus be freed from any responsibility for the act. But Casanova regarded such women as "monsters" and left them with horror the minute he perceived their intentions. He was a staunch believer in the absolute equality of the sexes and perceived what many others who have professed to share that belief have not always per-

ceived — that equality applies to responsibilities as well as to privileges.

Casanova was utterly free from the strange perversion of regret. Why, he demands, should he be sorry that he has been happy and made others happy? He refused to regard himself as a debauchee; he insisted rather that he had saved many a girl from debauchery by showing her how lovely love could be. He was no seducer. He never deluded women with false hopes of marriage. His partings were almost always painful — for him as well as for the woman — but never fatal. He left many an aching heart behind him — but no neurotics! He probably accustomed many a woman to a style of love in which her sluggish husband was unable to support her. But there is no evidence that any woman ever blamed *him* for that.

There was one thing that Casanova preferred to a woman — and that was freedom. Freedom was the one thing he could not sacrifice to love. Marriage, he felt, should be made in cold blood, and he was never able to approach a woman in cold blood. But since he desired freedom solely in order to go on to further amorous adventures, it might be said that the sole thing he preferred to woman was women. And for this each separate woman, in her turn, forgave him.

THE LIBRARY



LATTIMORE: MASTER OF OMISSION

by BENJAMIN STOLBERG

ORDEAL BY SLANDER [\$2.75, Little, Brown] is an astute and very skillful operation. Mr. Lattimore disdains "self-defense." He is unmitigatedly on the offensive. And his style fits his purpose. Though he constantly confesses to great intellectual and academic prestige, he reminds one of the "hard-boiled" school of fiction writers. His philippic reads like a political version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. And I'm certain that Mr. Lattimore's postman will ring his bell again and again. For though he marshals his arguments swiftly, dramatically and with great vigor, his strategy is entirely one of significant and cumulative omission. The effect is that it leaves the reader who knows a good deal about the Lattimore story completely frustrated. Mr. Lattimore's *J'Accuse*, unlike Émile Zola's, is a Whodunnit without any observable solution.

To this reviewer, who has watched Mr. Lattimore for a number of years, his little book presents quite a problem. Clearly, it cannot be reviewed only by what meets the eye. Clearly, the blank spaces between the lines must be filled in. Mr. Lattimore's "ordeal," which is genuine enough, must be edited in terms of the larger background which he leaves out. To be sure, he sneers at "guilt by omission" no less than he sneers at "guilt by association." But that, of course, is nonsense. One may or may not be guilty by omission or association, or both, but one certainly cannot prove one's innocence by a cagily self-censored self-defense, whose censorship is hidden behind a barrage of self-righteous indignation.

Mr. Lattimore illustrates what I mean in his very first chapter. He tells us of his delicate diplomatic and economic labors as one of five members of the United Nations technical mission to Kabul in Afghanistan. It was a cold and nasty spring and these modern missionaries of Point Four

were huddled around an iron stove in a "crowded, smoky room." Suddenly "there was some scuffling and whispering at the door and an Afghan messenger came in bringing with him a blast of cold air" — and a wire from the Associated Press. The AP wanted to know Mr. Lattimore's comments on Senator McCarthy's accusation that he was a "pro-Communist," indeed the "top Russian espionage agent in the United States." Mr. Lattimore was shocked almost to the point of a momentary blackout. "My first reaction was an anger so hot and sweeping that it was hard to think." But he soon steadied himself. "This was going to be dirty business."

Now part of Mr. Lattimore's reaction is eminently understandable. Senator McCarthy no doubt erred, and therefore blundered, in calling Mr. Lattimore an espionage agent, and the particular accusation must have startled him. But it is rather difficult to believe that the whole thing struck Mr. Lattimore like a bolt from the blue. For, rightly or wrongly, he had been accused of pro-Communist activities for years. And the accusations were not mere fantasies by "witch-hunting" hoodlums from some political underworld but were based on a considered interpretation of Mr. Lattimore's career as a writer and as a man of action. These interpretations may be conceivably wrong. But if

they are then his career is no less puzzling. For Mr. Lattimore is undoubtedly a knowing and knowledgeable man and therefore his innocence in closely working with a number of Communists and some Communist-front organizations is astonishing. But, whether guilty or innocent, Mr. Lattimore must have been worried for a long time that these accusations might catch up with him.

He warns the reader over and over again: *It Might Have Been You*. And he cautions us: *It Can Happen Here*. In other words you or I might at any moment become the victim of "McCarthyism," which he identifies with the Goebbels technique of the Big Lie, spawning a multitude of little lies. I think that Lattimore's bid for the reader's identification with himself is sound, and I am glad to accept the invitation. I shall put myself for the moment in his place, with his record, in far-off Kabul on last March 25, and try to delve into my own putative reaction to the McCarthy accusations. And here is what my reaction would be:

So McCarthy said that I am the "top Russian espionage agent in the United States." That wasn't very smart of him. Still, I do wish I had not joined the original board of editors of *Amerasia* and stayed on it for four long years, from 1937 to 1941. To be sure, I left *Amerasia* long before those six

were arrested for espionage in what J. Edgar Hoover called a "100 per cent air-tight case," before Jaffe paid a \$2500 fine for being, so to speak, only a token spy, before the whole damn case was whitewashed. . . . Just the same, it's going to be a mess. . . . I wonder what Tydings is like. Let's hope he's sufficiently "liberal" to be against all witch hunts. . . .

Roughly speaking it's this sort of stream of consciousness which would have been rapidly passing through my mind had I been the recipient of that AP telegram. If I were in Lattimore's place, I too would have been angry — but mainly at myself. And frankly, I would have been far more scared than outraged. But most certainly I wouldn't have been knocked for a loop. I would have expected trouble of some kind. My answer to Lattimore is, "no, It Couldn't Have Been Me."

It couldn't have been me anyway. For though I'm not an expert on Far Eastern affairs, including Outer Mongolia, I am a bit of an expert on the Communist fifth column in the U.S.A., having watched it since 1921. Accordingly I knew that the chairman of the board of editors of *Amerasia* while Mr. Lattimore was on the board, Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt Field, was a Communist Party member, under the name of Frederick Spencer, and that the Chinese member

of the board, Ch'ao-Ting Chi, was a Communist stooge under the name of Hansu Chan. And as for Philip Jaffe, I nailed him as a Communist stooge, under the name of J. W. Phillips, in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* as far back as February 5, 1941. Moreover I knew all along that *Amerasia* had never been a legitimate journal but an agency for the photostating of secret Government documents.

II

Mr. Lattimore states that he left *Amerasia* to give his undivided attention to his editorship of *Pacific Affairs*, the official organ of the Institute of Pacific Relations, where he continued his close association with Frederick Vanderbilt Field, who was a member of the executive board of the institute and later the secretary of its American Council. *Pacific Affairs*, which Mr. Lattimore regards as a highly scholarly publication, has been accused of following closely the Communist Party line while he was its editor. He has always denied this. But then, how come he printed articles by Field and by Israel Epstein, who is now the Korean "expert" of the Communist Party; by Agnes Smedley and others named by General Willoughby, MacArthur's security officer; by Philip Jaffe, Kate Mitchell and Andrew Roth, all in-

volved in the *Amerasia* affair? The fact that Mr. Lattimore also printed articles by non-Communists, though never by anti-Communists, is no answer.

The point is that Mr. Lattimore omits all these controversial matters and many others in his philippic against "McCarthyism." Little wonder that even such an excellent critic and avowed anti-Communist as Orville Prescott of the *New York Times*, who unfortunately is no authority in this particular field, says that Lattimore "has persuaded at least one reader that he has been callously and unjustly defamed."

Mr. Lattimore's shock at Kabul is especially surprising because a day or two before he left this country he knew that he was in for trouble. A Denver reporter had called him long distance at his Maryland home and asked for his comment on Senator McCarthy's off-the-record statement that he, Lattimore, was on his State Department "list." And here is Mr. Lattimore's comment: "Senator McCarthy was crazy if he had got me mixed up with the State Department. I had never been in the State Department." In this attitude he was later upheld by John Peurifoy, then the chief security officer of the Department. This is sheer sophistry. It is hard to believe that Lattimore is unaware of his great influence on our

Far Eastern policy throughout the Forties, whether he was on the payroll of the State Department or of Johns Hopkins, whose Walter Hines Page School of International Relations he has turned into an unofficial research adjunct to the Government. As a matter of fact, he did quite a number of jobs directly for the State Department. And all of his missions for the Administration in the Far East were of a most important diplomatic nature.

Lattimore was appointed by President Roosevelt to serve as political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek in 1941. In 1944 he went to China as adviser to Henry Wallace, whose secret report presaged General Marshall's later disastrous insistence on the coalition between the Nationalist and the Communist governments. Lattimore saw President Truman in 1945, a meeting arranged by the then Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson — just before Acheson succeeded Under Secretary Joseph C. Grew, who had advocated a strong anti-Communist policy in Asia. And soon after this White House conference, Lattimore was named economic advisor to Edwin V. Pauley, head of the Post-War Economic Mission to Japan. There he severely criticized the MacArthur plan of retaining the Emperor, the only stabilizing force left in the country. Finally, as late as in the summer

of 1949 he was requested by the State Department to prepare a memorandum for the guidance of Dr. Philip Jessup, the Ambassador-at-large to the Far East, on his tour to revamp our Far Eastern policy. Dr. Jessup is an old friend and colleague of Lattimore's from his days at the Institute of Pacific Relations. It is the same Dr. Jessup who accepted several thousand dollars for the institute from Frederick Vanderbilt Field, and who postponed his Far Eastern diplomatic safari until he had testified to the splendid character of Alger Hiss. Lattimore may not have been technically an "employee" of the State Department, but he certainly had quite a pull in our Asian diplomacy. But what is really significant was his influence on the people who carried on this diplomacy from day to day in the Far Eastern Division from 1945 on — Alger Hiss, John Carter Vincent, John Stewart Service *et al.* They believed in him, and they advocated the same policies. Incidentally, both Lattimore and the State Department insist that his Kabul mission was a purely UN affair. Is it really the custom of Trygve Lie to appoint Americans to important UN posts without consulting our Government?

Being largely a self-taught man, without the conventional higher education of a university teacher, "Dr." Lattimore tends to emphasize his

own "objective scholarship" and his prolific authorship. He speaks with undisguised pride of his own high-brow eminence and attributes to others an appreciation of his "long-standing international reputation as an expert concerning economic, social and cultural problems in Asia." When criticized or attacked, his reaction is: Read me! And he invites folks to peruse his "eleven books, hundreds of articles" in magazines and newspapers, and *then* judge him. Quite an invitation to learning! One must admit that Mr. Lattimore's writings are almost excessively clever, though his scholarship, for all its subtle and fancy verbiage, strikes one as far more propagandist than objective. Or rather, he achieves his "objectivity" by constantly warning the reader that the Soviet Union exercises through its revolutionary vitality an almost fatal attraction for the nascent nationalism and colonial unrest of the Asiatic peoples, while our stagnant "imperialism" leaves them cold and hostile. Since our fantastic policy of appeasement of the Kremlin made such "realism" almost come true, Professor Lattimore can always point to his creative interpretation of the *Sturm und Drang* in contemporary Asia — and tell such "brazenly illiterate" gents like Joe McCarthy, who is nothing but a "roundhouse brawler" and loutish "dirty fighter," just where

to get off. And he is almost as impatient with the lesser breed which quotes him "out of context," thus violating the meaning of the learned writ. The truth is that his books and articles, no matter what the topic, are as alike as Ike and Mike. The authentic erudition of a Professor Sansom, the great Far Eastern cultural historian at Columbia, is completely alien to Lattimore, whose writings have the consistency of the clever special pleader.

Lattimore's feeling about Russia and the West can be gauged from the following citation from his *Manchuria: Cradle of Conflict*:

Russia appears to be the only nation of the modern world that is "young" enough to have "men of destiny." It creates its Lenin and its Stalin. . . . Russia . . . more than any nation of the West, is launched on a career of growth, and grow it will. . . . Russia, of all countries, is the one of which it can be said that something new not only *may* happen, but that something new is *bound* to happen.

And how about us? Here it is:

Our modern tendency to create commissions and delegate committees is a confession of subconscious loss of confidence in our leaders. . . . The specific internationalism in the West, with its characteristics of good will in intention and helplessness in action,

is an index of the fact that the civilizations of the West no longer guide the civilization which they created. Yet the old Western passion for individualism, responsibility, and assertive control lives on; our leaders only last so long as they can keep up the illusion of controlling the uncontrollable.

Note the contempt for the "passion for individualism and responsibility." None of these views, of course, creep into Mr. Lattimore's *Ordeal by Slander*, where he comes out foursquare for "capitalism and political democracy." In a later opus, *Solution in Asia* (1945), Mr. Lattimore is even bolder: "We must abandon the lingering delusion that we can somehow maintain footholds by supporting the rump territories, south of the Yangtse, or on the coast, or in Formosa."

This bit of "scholarship" appeared when the Chinese Communists were still north of the Yangtse and controlled only one third of China, when Generals Wedemeyer, Chennault and other military leaders stated that with even limited American help — less than a billion dollars and only a military mission — the Chinese Communists could be defeated. Incidentally, it is this particular bit of "realism" which has guided Acheson's policy, both as Under Secretary and Secretary of State. As late as the spring of 1950 Acheson expressed this same attitude — of letting "the dust

settle in Asia"—in a speech before the National Press Club. This policy completely reversed and fatally violated the Far Eastern diplomacy of the Open Door of Seward, Blaine, Hay, Root and Stimson—and today we are fighting for our lives in a "police action" to retain a toe hold in Korea.

III

And now let us quote from Lattimore's second-latest book, *The Situation in Asia* (1949), written when the dust had *almost* settled in Asia:

Clearly the Communist ascendancy had become so decisive in Asia that it could not be reversed. . . .

To be progressive in politics means to be on the side of that which is going up and against that which is going down. . . .

Throughout Asia today there prevails an atmosphere of hope not of despair. . . . What they see opening up before them is a limitless horizon of hope—the hope of peaceful constructive activities in free countries, and peaceful coöperation among free people.

In China, according to our author, "wherever the Communists have taken over, they have increased food production, controlled distribution and stabilized, successfully breaking the old cycle of recurring shortages and famines." Today 50 million Chi-

nese are suffering from famine in Soviet China. But apparently they still prefer not be used as "cannon fodder" by the United States. And they are still inspired by the Soviet Union, which "in their eyes . . . stands for strategic security, economic prosperity, technological progress, miraculous medicine, free education, equality and democracy; a powerful combination." It is thus that Mr. Lattimore describes Soviet aggression in Asia. What blasphemy of the human spirit! And what a perfect paraphrase of the Kremlin's policy for the United States in Asia!

Finally, let us take a peek into Lattimore's famous memorandum for the guidance of Ambassador Jessup, which he handed in to the State Department, at its request, on August 18, 1949. The memorandum, which McCarthy forced the Department to make public by threatening to publish a copy of it in his possession, is a succinct résumé of Lattimore's advice for years. He advises Dr. Jessup that we should get rid of Chiang Kai-shek, once and for all, and that we should do nothing to annoy the Chinese Communists for "the United States cannot assume that Russia will move in to take over direct control in China." He also suggests, in effect, that we pull out of Japan, which "cannot serve as a trusted American ally"; and that we

should practically abandon South Korea.

All this, and then some, Mr. Lattimore omits in his *Ordeal by Slander*. The reviewers who fell for his phony *J'Accuse* — I am excepting the fellow travelers among them — obviously had no inkling of his real views, when they defended him as a libertarian spokesman. His entire strategy is one of omission. And his tactics are the moral equivalent of his strategy: slander. Senator McCarthy is “base and despicable” — an American Hitler, the leader of political crackpots and scum, a man with a shady financial past. In a separate chapter Mrs. Lattimore finds it “incredible” that the Lattimores’ intimate friend, Joe Barnes, the last editor of the late unlamented (*PM*) New York *Star*, had actually met at a party, “of all people,” this man McCarthy. “I had been thinking,” writes Mrs. Lattimore, “of McCarthy as the embodiment of all the powers of darkness and not as someone a friend of mine could meet at a party.” We may dismiss this amusing bit of self-conscious snobbery. But apparently neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lattimore were aware that the Senator’s tax problems were known to the people of Wisconsin when they voted him into the Senate, and that only recently they gave this social outcast a whopping vote of confidence in a state-wide poll.

Joe McCarthy may have his faults but the Lattimore muck does not connote them.

A no less sinister figure, according to Mr. Lattimore, is the “millionaire fanatic” Alfred Kohlberg, the apparently sinister head of the infamous “China Lobby.” Kohlberg is no doubt a well-to-do man, though probably not a “millionaire,” and his “fanaticism” is merely a patriotic objection to our Far Eastern policy on China. The China Policy Association, which he founded when he broke with the Institute of Pacific Relations, is no “China Lobby,” and could not legally register as such for the simple reason that it accepts no money except from Americans, whose views it represents. Its board of directors consists largely of old China hands, well-known missionaries and former teachers at American-supported Chinese universities.

It would be difficult to disprove the Vishinsky-like accusation that Professor Louis Budenz of Fordham is a “commonly despised informer,” for Dr. Gallup is unlikely to poll the commonality on this matter. Let us merely observe that the FBI does not agree with Professor Lattimore. They think highly of Budenz as a witness. And he certainly is not “brazenly illiterate,” along with McCarthy. It has been my job and good fortune to talk to a good many ex-

Communists, some of whom had been Comintern agents, and the one thing they are not is politically "illiterate." Lattimore's references to Mr. Budenz' private life are slightly nauseating.

Finally, Miss Freda Utley is not a defender of Nazis, as Lattimore has it. She happened to be against our entry into the last war. She sided with Norman Thomas and other Socialists. She was also against the insanity of dismantling Germany, whose industries we are now trying to build up. And, with Senator Taft and many other jurists, she objected to the Nuremberg trials because the defendants, who were just as evil as the Kremlin gang, were tried *ex post facto* for violating non-existing laws. All this does not add up to a Nazi sympathizer.

The Tydings Committee failed miserably in its investigation of the Lattimore case. Instead of conducting a real cross-examination, it permitted Lattimore to make speeches. No one was really prepared to ask intelligent and searching questions, except Robert Morris, counsel for the minority, and Tydings shut him off. Even before the farce was over, Senator Tydings informed Lattimore that J. Edgar Hoover had prepared a "summary" of the FBI file on Lattimore — which "cleared" him "completely." "There was nothing in that file," Tydings told him, "to show that you were a

Communist or ever had been a Communist, or that you were in any way connected with any espionage information or charges. . . ." Quite rightly, Mr. Lattimore reports this incident rather fully. It is unfortunate that he did not round out the story by adding that Senators Lodge and Hickenlooper failed to agree with Senator Tydings — and that Attorney General McGrath and Edgar Hoover quickly dissociated themselves from this interpretation of the Hoover "summary."

The *Ordeal by Slander* is a philippic which proves nothing. I quite agree with the author's noble sentiments in his peroration. I, too, am for the defense of free thought, of objective research, of the right of our universities, in fact their duty, to teach the theory and history of Communism. But all this has nothing to do with the Lattimore case.

Now, it's too late: but it seems to me that Mr. Lattimore made a mistake in having Little, Brown publish his *Ordeal*. Angus Cameron, the editor of this firm, was a member of the National Wallace for President Committee and is active in the Progressive party, which is a front for the Communist Party. He has been a member or sponsor of a good many front organizations, some of them listed as subversive by the Attorney General. Mr. Lattimore also might have kept

the left-wing Book Find Club from endorsing his little opus. And he surely shouldn't have sold his serial rights to the New York *Compass*. There are so many fools these days who seem to believe that birds of a feather flock together.

Let's sum up: *Ordeal by Slander*, I

believe, is a brazen hoax. The author's moral indignation is synthetic, his "intellectualism" is phony, his martyrdom is farcical, and his story rings false. Of one thing we may be certain: the Lattimore we meet in this little book is not the Lattimore who could ever interest the FBI.

INCONSEQUENT SELF

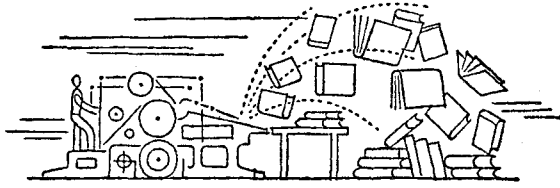
BY BERNICE KENYON

The five who are myself hold a dark meeting,
Saying, we stay together because fate
Binds us in this one form; but all our lanes
Diverge. We are apart — we love and hate
With no regard for variant selves; a fleeting
Moment we move as one, till the moment wanes.

Here waits the fighting spirit, sure of winning;
Yonder the doubter, prescient of defeat;
There the explainer who would make amends
For every brother's sins, and thus entreat
Some understanding, or some new beginning;
Here is one watching how the conflict ends.

You, last of all the five, O curious being
Centered above the lot of them, decry
In silence the lost glory, yet reach never
Toward the mirage in the unfathomed sky —
Toward the illusion that is past all seeing —
Toward the impossible, now and forever.

THE CHECK LIST



SCIENCE

DIANETICS, *The Modern Science of Health*, by L. Ron Hubbard. \$4.00 *Hermiutage*. Mr. Hubbard's claim for the "creation" of dianetics is stupendous. He calls it "a milestone for Man comparable to his discovery of fire and superior to his inventions of the wheel and arch." He says that dianetics can produce the "invariable cure" of "all psychosomatic ills and human aberrations." Exactly what this wonderful thing is, is not very clear, however, for Mr. Hubbard writes a rather abstruse form of English. The theory, apparently, is that all sensations and ideas are recorded as "cellular *engrams*," that even the foetus has such *engrams*, that these *engrams* somehow are the cause of mental ill health, and that therapy consists in erasing pain "in the *engram* bank" and re-filling it "as memory and experience in the memory banks." The therapy can be practiced by anybody upon anybody else — man and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend. Thus it is a sort of poor man's psychoanalysis. Mr. Hubbard's ideas are being widely discussed in various circles, but it is by no means

impossible that they will suffer the same fate as the ideas, equally popular at one time, promulgated by Dr. Coué.

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE, *Its Principles and Applications*, by Franz Alexander, M.D. \$4.00. Norton. Dr. Alexander, the director of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, here "attempts to describe the basic concepts on which the psychosomatic approach to medicine is founded and to present the existing knowledge concerning the influence of psychological factors upon the functions of the body and their disturbances." The book seems to be addressed more to physicians than to lay people, but the latter who have some knowledge of medicine will find it interesting, for Dr. Alexander writes simply. There are many case histories, a special chapter on "The Functions of the Sexual Apparatus and Their Disturbances," by Dr. Therese Benedek, and an extensive bibliography.

PSYCHOANALYSIS, *Evolution and Development*, by Clara Thompson, in collaboration with Patrick Mullahy. \$3.00. *Hermiutage*. Dr. Thompson leans "towards the cultural interpersonal school" of psy-

choanalysis, by which she apparently means that she generally agrees with the approaches of Sullivan, Ferenczi, and Fromm. But this point of view does not hinder her from presenting what seems to be an objective historical survey of all the schools of psychoanalysis. She appears to address fellow professional men and women, but large sections of her book can be read with profit by the general reader.

LITERATURE

THE FLOWERS OF EVIL, by Charles Baudelaire. Translated by Arthur F. Kraetzer, M.D. \$4.00. *Richard R. Smith*. Dr. Kraetzer, who died in 1940, was a New York physician who specialized in diet and psychoanalysis. In his translation he has "as far as possible scrupulously adhered to the principles of literal translation and accurate reproduction of metre and arrangement of rhyme," on the sound principle that "in some mysterious way an artist's form is related to his sense." In addition to the translation Dr. Kraetzer has also attempted an interpretation "in terms of the modern theory of the psyche," by which he apparently meant the basic ideas of Freudianism. He has a long introduction, in which he pays his very high respects to Baudelaire as an artist — "he plumbed the secrets of Man's damnation, and he was close, so close, to the answer" — and he also supplies running notes to many of the individual poems. Altogether a highly interesting and valuable book. On the whole, the psychoanalytical notes make sense, and the translation

does seem to have a flavor that other translations lack.

MEMOIRS OF EGOTISM, by Stendahl; edited with an introduction and notes by Matthew Josephson. \$3.00. *Lear*. This is apparently the first English translation of that part of Stendahl's autobiographical journal which he called *Souvenirs d'egotisme*. It covers the period 1821–1830. It makes amazingly dull reading, dealing as it does with Stendahl's amours, remarks about contemporary politicians and ladies of none too scrupulous virtue. There is hardly a line in it that is worth remembering. The translation by Hannah and Matthew Josephson seems adequate. Mr. Josephson's notes may represent great scholarship, but they seem to be so much wasted effort.

PROUST'S WAY, by François Mauriac. \$3.00. *Philosophical Library*. The distinguished French novelist here writes briefly and lazily about his greater contemporary and some of their mutual friends. He apparently met Proust only twice and they exchanged some letters, nearly all of which he reprints. There is really very little in them — or in the book as a whole. The translation is by Elsie Pell.

THE LIBERAL TRADITION, by Lionel Trilling. \$3.50. *Viking*. There are sixteen essays on literature and society here. Most of them are on such literary subjects as Sherwood Anderson, *Huckleberry Finn*, Kipling, "Manners, Morals and the Novel," F. Scott Fitzgerald, and

"The Meaning of a Literary Idea." There are also essays on Freud, the Kinsey Report, and "Art and Fortune." Mr. Trilling is a serious, genuinely learned critic, who generally has mature taste. His essay on "Reality in America," in which he takes Parrington down to the level of the second-rate historian, is excellent. So are his essays on Anderson and Fitzgerald. His essay on James is not always clear, and what he has to say about Freud reveals more enthusiasm for the Viennese doctor than understanding of him or his critics. In both of these essays there is also considerable murky writing, but altogether this is a truly stimulating book.

WRITING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Mabel Louise Robinson. \$2.75. *Nelson*. This is a completely revised edition of Professor Robinson's *Juvenile Story Writing*. It is easily the best guide to juvenile writing in English; but more than that, it is also one of the best guides to all beginning writers. Dr. Robinson invariably talks sense, whether she is discussing plot, or characterization, or "the art of working," or style, or the animal story, or "angle of narration." And, miracle of miracles for this type of book, she writes very well herself — clearly, effectively, and succinctly.

ART

RUSSIAN IMPACT ON ART, by Mikhail Alpatov. \$7.50. *Philosophical Library*. Mr. Alpatov, a professor at Moscow university, has attempted to define "the place occupied by Russia in

the history of comparative art." Actually, he has merely emphasized its national characteristics and the fact that "Russian artists and poets have invariably been in touch with the people." He points out that strong national art was deflected by the Mongolian invasion in the thirteenth century and by the agrarian nature of the economy, until the reforms of Peter the Great. And he frankly criticizes the poverty of early Russian art, though every criticism is deftly cancelled out by the glorification of some obscure artistic virtue: e.g., the quality of a single painting, the *Trinity* by Andrei Rublyov (1370-1430), is virtually equated with the entire European Renaissance — "The best forces of the Russian land brought forth their precious gifts and entrusted them to a single genius — Rublyov — and he incorporated them in his masterpiece." Although the magnificent achievements of the nineteenth century are treated in full dress, the book can only be judged as a patriotic panorama stretching from the eleventh century to the present, a massive example of pedantic chauvinism. There are 32 plates, a glossary, and an extensive bibliography. The translation is by Ivy Litvinov.

MOHOLY-NAGY, *Experiment in Totality*, by Sibyl Moholy-Nagy. \$6.50. *Harper*. László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946) was a truly Leonardian figure — painter, sculptor, photographer, commercial designer, architect and educator. His wife has written a surprisingly objective and detailed account of his search for artistic fundamentals and his gar-

gantuan attempt to utilize all the arts toward the construction of a new society. The Bauhaus experiment in Germany, and later, the establishment, under his leadership, of the Chicago Institute of Design, were focal points in his ambitious campaign to teach totality in design to an unwilling and largely commercial society. Mrs. Moholy-Nagy captures much of her husband's enthusiasm, his tremendous capacity for work and self-sacrifice, his creative strength even in the face of physical breakdown. Her writing is fresh, readable and occasionally touching. The lay-out of the book itself, with 80 examples of his photography, photograms, painting and sculpture, is a splendid product of modern typography and design. There is a short foreword by Walter Gropius.

MUSIC

MUSIC OF THE WORLD: A HISTORY, by Kurt Pahlen. \$5.00. *Crown*. Dr. Pahlen was formerly director of the Vienna State Opera and conductor of the Metropolitan Philharmonic Society of Buenos Aires. He may know a great deal about music, but his taste as a writer and as a critic leaves much to be desired. He belongs to the watch-how-sad-he-is-and-how-he-suffers class of writers on music. Here is one example: at Beethoven's funeral, "among the solemn crowd there stood a young man who was seen frequently to wipe his eyes behind the lenses of his spectacles. But few there were in the immense cortège who knew him, and nobody realized that his yearning, the great dream of his life,

had vanished: to meet Beethoven and to tell him," etc. There are many illustrations. The translation from the German is by James Galston.

RACHMANINOFF, by Victor L. Seroff. \$3.50. *Simon and Schuster*. When Rachmaninoff died in 1943, at the age of 70, very little was known about him, especially about his personal life. Mr. Seroff, an eminent musician and an accomplished writer, here offers what will probably be the definitive study of the great Russian pianist, conductor, and composer, for some time to come. Mr. Seroff proves that Rachmaninoff was more human and sentimental than legend has depicted him; and, probably for the first time, he also reveals a romantic episode in the pianist's life (with Marietta Shaginian, a determined young intellectual who attached herself to him firmly, and apparently had her will of him). There is a list of Rachmaninoff's compositions, followed by a good bibliography.

THE WAGNER OPERAS, by Ernest Newman. \$5.85. *Knopf*. The world's greatest authority on Wagner here pours out the substance of his knowledge about the master's ten most important operas: *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*, *Parsifal*, *The Rhinegold*, *The Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, *The Twilight of the Gods*, *Tristan and Isolde* and *The Flying Dutchman*. The book is truly a gold mine of exceptionally varied information about these great works. No musical library, public or private, can afford to be without this valuable text.

RELIGION

OUR RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS, by Sterling P. Lamprecht. \$2.00. *Harvard*. Mr. Lamprecht, who is professor of philosophy at Amherst College, analyzes the "heritage" of Judaism, the "genius" of Catholicism, and the "adventure" of Protestantism, indicating their great achievements and also their shortcomings from the over-all point of view. His conclusion is that "the ideas inherent in the three great religious traditions are quite compatible and morally supplementary." Naturally, he doesn't look forward to an end to the separation of the three religions in the foreseeable future, but he inclines to think that a new Hellenism could possibly integrate the essences of all of them. A learned and suggestive book.

THE VOYAGE TO LOURDES, by Alexis Carrel. \$1.00. *Harper*. In 1903 the late Dr. Carrel made a voyage to Lourdes, where, according to him, he witnessed the miraculous cure of a young woman who was in the very last stages of tubercular peritonitis. This is the first English translation of Dr. Carrel's report. There is a preface by Charles A. Lindbergh. One doubts that the book will add anything to Dr. Carrel's posthumous scientific reputation.

LAW

THE CONSTITUTIONAL WORLD OF MR. JUSTICE FRANKFURTER, edited by Samuel J. Konefsky. \$4.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Justice Frankfurter has

now been on the highest court in the land for ten years, and Dr. Konefsky, who is assistant professor of political science at Brooklyn college, here offers "some representative opinions" by him. Dr. Konefsky admits that Justice Frankfurter is "the most controversial figure on the Court today" — old colleagues and friends have denounced him as a "turncoat," because he has often been with the "conservatives" — but he does not reveal what he himself thinks.

MAX D. STEUER, by Aron Steuer. \$3.50. *Random House*. The author, now a member of the Supreme Court of New York, begins with a brief analytical biography of the career of his father, one of the most celebrated trial lawyers of his time. Then he presents excerpts from five of his outstanding cases, together with explanatory notes. Justice Steuer displays very good taste in his biographical remarks; what he says, especially his statement that his father was an amazing cross-examiner, will probably meet with general agreement among members of the legal profession.

ANTHOLOGIES

CHALLENGE, *An Anthology of the Literature of Mountaineering*, edited by William Robert Irwin. \$4.75. *Columbia*. Men climb mountains, according to editor Irwin, out of a scientific desire to conquer nature and a romantic desire to be one with it. According to contributor Thoreau, "only daring and insolent men" attempt it, but Anthony Trollope insists that it's a sport for "gallant fellows" and

"the cream of the charm lies in the danger." Other contributors include John Muir ("God's glacial-mills grind slowly"), Evelyn Waugh ("One must jump on the foot from rock to rock like the little goats"), and such veterans as Sir Leslie Stephen, Alfred Wills and Albert Mummary. There is even a short symposium on the Matterhorn accident; but one of the best examples of all such literature, the description of Sergeant Croft's rout from the mountain by hornets in *The Naked and the Dead*, is conspicuously missing.

ATOMS OF THOUGHT, *An Anthology of Thoughts from George Santayana*, selected and edited by Ira D. Cardiff. \$5.00. *Philosophical Library*. The quotations here are arranged under the titles of each of the 27 books by Santayana, and under a general heading of Miscellaneous, referring to magazine articles and reviews. The volume makes truly scintillating reading. Santayana is easily one of the most profound, most philosophical, and most truly literary of all contemporary writers. A few of his remarks: "People wouldn't become ministers unless they had rather second-hand minds"; "The true sceptic merely analyzes belief, discovering the risk and the logical uncertainty inherent in it. He finds that alleged knowledge is always faith"; "The foolishness of the simple is delightful; only the foolishness of the wise is exasperating"; "A bad conscience loves to be flattered and reassured; company consoles it for the loss of honor." There is an excellent index. Santayana contributes a charming preface.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE FACE & MIND OF IRELAND, by Arland Ussher. \$2.75. *Devin-Adair*. A lively, rambling account of the recent history and more baffling aspects of modern Ireland, in which the author confides that the Irishman "can be almost anything, but not a bourgeois." He is definitely a bad revolutionist and something of a Puritan, however, and religion is still the core of his existence — "one cannot probe deeply into his mind without striking against the hard shell of dogma." But at least he shows "many more differences of character" than of opinion, and his sense of worldly irony is exceptionally strong. Mr. Ussher writes about him with charm and profundity, but he deals much too complacently with such problems as the sporadic Irish civil war, the land allotment system, and the stifling effects of Catholic censorship.

THE AGE OF INDISCRETION, by Clyde Brion Davis. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. Mr. Davis, the eternal optimist, finds "that there is more happiness per capita today than in 1900." He throws together a great deal of horse sense, hearsay and hot air to prove indisputably that there is less provincialism today than in the good old days, more culture, better health, better living standards, etc. A typical chapter, on sex, goodnaturedly condemns Victorian hypocrisy, casually ridicules the Kinsey report, then ends lamely with the statement that "by and large, I think things are better now." Pleasant, harmless reading.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE DEBATE ON PHYSIOTHERAPY

SIR: As executive director of the American Physical Therapy Association, I have been requested by the membership of our organization to write you regarding the article by Mr. Emil Roy Posner, "A Physiotherapist Looks at Physiotherapy," in the July issue of the *MERCURY*. Neither Mr. Posner in his article nor Dr. Rabinowitz, in his otherwise able rebuttal, discriminate between the local New York State group which Mr. Posner represents and the ethical, professionally-recognized group of physical therapists who are working in hospitals, clinics, crippled children's services and other medical care institutions, administering physical therapy treatments under medical prescription.

The 4000 members of the American Physical Therapy Association are all graduates of schools of physical therapy which are approved by the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association, and administer their specialized skills only under direct medical supervision. Our association and its members are recognized

by the AMA, the American Hospital Association, the American Congress of Physical Medicine, the American Board of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, the U. S. Public Health Service, the Veterans Administration, the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Force, the Children's Bureau, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Federal-state crippled children's services and vocational rehabilitation services, and such voluntary agencies as the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, as well as numerous other scientific, voluntary and professional organizations. The situation described by Mr. Posner in New York State is a local situation which, prior to the publication of his article, was altered this spring by state legislation initiated by the New York State departments of Education and Health, and the Medical Society of the State of New York.

Being an integral and accepted part of

medical care, the profession of physical therapy as represented by the American Physical Therapy Association is diametrically opposed to the views of Mr. Posner concerning the relationship of the physician and the physical therapist. Because of the stature and prestige of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, we feel that it is particularly unfortunate that you have published this article in which a disgruntled local organization, which has been refused medical recognition because of the lack of professional training of its members, has left the impression that it speaks for the professionally-trained, medically-recognized, ethical physical therapist who practices only under the direct supervision of a physician.

MILDRED ELSON

New York City

SIR: This is a letter of protest in regard to the article on physiotherapy in your July issue. There are many who assume the name "physiotherapist" or "physical therapist," set up offices and proceed to give treatments. These persons use many kinds of apparatus. They have not graduated from a specialized school approved by the AMA. Some of their apparatus is harmless, but some has great potentiality for danger in the hands of an untrained person. Massage, when used in the presence of certain conditions, or when given too severely or too long, can do great harm. The group of unqualified therapists that Mr. Posner represents naturally do not have as desirable a relationship with the medical profession as they might wish. . . . Many therapists are alarmed at the widespread pres-

ence of those unqualified to treat the public. They can easily, if permitted to gain a foothold, lower the standards of effective treatment.

RUTH HANSEN

*Physical Therapy Consultant
Billings, Mont.*

SIR: . . . As a technical director in charge of professional physical therapy education, I protest quite strongly to an article which brings to the lay people an incorrect interpretation of physical therapeutics. First and foremost, registered, ethical physical therapists who have graduated from a school of physical therapy approved by the American Medical Association Council of Medical Education and Hospitals practice only under direct medical supervision. . . . Registered physical therapists do have a background in all basic sciences before taking their professional courses. That along with many supervised hours of practice in actual clinical work certainly trains them much more adequately than is stated in the article, where they are referred to as button-pushers, etc. . . .

RUTH G. MONTEITH

Kansas City, Kan.

SIR: . . . While purporting to bring out both sides of an apparent issue, the discussion entirely ignores the true picture of standards in the physical therapy profession today. Mr. Posner and others of his calibre would not be eligible for most physical therapy jobs with Federal or state civil service, state crippled children's programs, veterans' and armed forces' facilities, or Class A hospitals

throughout the United States. Standards which have been set up by the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association are generally followed at present. In other words, the physiotherapist who is looking at physiotherapy is not even acknowledged as such by qualified persons in this field. It is unfortunate that you have publicized a situation peculiar to New York State as representative of the country, and have allowed the obvious bias of a disgruntled employee to enter into the picture. . . .

MARIAN WILLIAMS

Palo Alto, Cal.

SIR: As a registered physical therapist, I feel I must protest strongly at your article on physiotherapy which appeared in the July issue. The situation described is certainly not typical of any other state than New York, and I understand it was altered prior to the publication of the article. . . . He makes no mention of the fact that ethical physical therapists work only under the direct supervision of competent doctors.

SHIRLEY L. KILCULLEN

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I have read the article, "A Physiotherapist Looks at Physiotherapy," with great interest. I have been making a study of the life and work of Dr. Simon Baruch, and was therefore especially interested in the anecdotal item on p. 48. . . . I am sure that the article will arouse a great deal of discussion. If it stimulates a frank airing of views, the result will surely benefit the public and all those

who have sincere interest in the field of physical therapy.

F. A. HELLEBRANDT, M.D.

Richmond, Va.

SIR: I have just finished reading Mr. Posner's article on physiotherapy, which appeared in the July issue, and I cannot refrain from writing to congratulate you on a well-written and informative job—especially for the layman. For more than thirty years I have used the various modalities of physiotherapy in maintaining a healthy physique and in raising the plateau of immunity to disease. Much of my use of physiotherapy was for prophylactic rather than therapeutic purposes. . . . I am now closely approaching my seventy-seventh year, am active for my years, and from all indications am physically and organically in good condition. Again I congratulate you on using Mr. Posner's article, and extend my thanks for having read it in your publication.

C. L. WINEY

Hillsborough County, N. H.

SIR: I am grateful for the many telephoned and written commendations of my article, "A Physiotherapist Looks at Physiotherapy," in the July issue of the *MERCURY*, as well as the scholarly and temperate requests for information on the subject. But I confess utter amazement that all the adverse criticism reads alike, as though it all had come from a common source. Indeed, the source of these adverse criticisms is actually the same for all. Every single one of my opponents mentions, as though

to bolster his argument, his (or usually *her*) affiliation with the American Physical Therapy Association, Inc. All sing the same tune, mouth the same phrases.

Why are all my objectors members of this one association? Who are the masters who have put into the mouths of these parrot-like complainers the phrases they all so aptly copy, almost *verbatim*? Who taught them to howl in unison, so that their protestations seem like mimeographed forms knocked off from the same stencil? They are "approved," almost every one of them writes, by the American Medical Association! Is this the same American Medical Association, I ask, which through its New York branch, the New York State Medical Society, sat in at the birth of my own group of *bona fide* physiotherapists as early as 1924, and helped select our very name (about which these complainers howl) and the "modalities" in which we were to specialize? Does this same AMA actually support *double standards of education, scholarship and professional ethics*? Does the AMA have one standard for the statute books at Albany and another for general practice by its members?

That same New York branch of the AMA helped prescribe the *four-year educational requirement* which is still our practice today, helped put through that requirement at Albany and to write it in the statute books of New York State and helped establish *physiotherapy*, under these conditions *and under this name*, as an independent body of healing — legally, morally and professionally independent of every other healing science.

The physiotherapist is still today, as a result, an independent practitioner in his field, just like the pharmacist or the dentist or the graduate qualified nurse. The physiotherapist is not required by law to work in a physician's back room or under the surveillance of the AMA or any other person or group, because he is recognized and accredited by law, and has been so accredited for a quarter of a century — a distinction earned and granted only after grueling investigation! He is independent — by statute and in scholarship and practice.

It is a different story with the so-called "physical therapist," who has no choice but to work under a physician's guidance, because he lacks the training to do otherwise. Four years' training are *not* a requirement for him. In fact, the whole aim of the AMA in "recognizing" him is to create a breed of "technicians" — "button-pushers" — I repeat the term because it is accurate — whom the physicians can keep under their thumbs, hiring them on a salary basis and themselves collecting the major "box office" returns of the labors of these routinized medical office flunkys!

Why hire "button-pushers" with inferior training? Because they are cheaper! And as if that were not enough, these same doctors hire mainly women — *to beat down prices in the labor market!* It is economics, pure and simple — not ethics, not training nor qualification, not true professionalism. This is the "box office" game of some physicians who stoop to such practices, and who have railroaded through the AMA a special motion approving the hiring of such un-

dertrained, underpaid, self-qualifying technicians. It is high time that the real scientists and socially-minded members of the AMA, of whom there are many to my personal knowledge, take a dynamic hand in this situation to see that justice is done and the traditionally high standards of medicine are maintained!

Yes, in open defiance of constituted law and authority, directly after the physiotherapists were licensed in the State of New York on May 17, 1926, the "technicians" were surreptitiously created. *Bona fide* physiotherapists, who had thus been "freed" to practice on their own, were suddenly fired from practically every hospital in New York. I was one of them and I know. And I was only one of many, whom I can name and count into the hundreds. In their places, women were introduced in New York to assume the duties of the duly qualified, licensed and registered physiotherapists, men and women, who were demoted to the status of practicing without pay under the direct control of these illicit and unlicensed "aides."

Present conditions are highly amusing to one who recalls the great resistance of a few years ago to women doctors and surgeons! The men doctors did everything in their power to stress that women were, and could only be, incompetent for such an exacting profession. Now this same AMA introduces female "physical therapists" to push the buttons on the healing gadgets in their back rooms.

In most states, this rookery of petticoat practitioners, "physical therapists" or "physical therapy aides," can start work *with only twelve months' training*. In some

instances their training has been no more than from six to eight weeks — if any! The AMA, hiding under the skirts of these same petticoat practitioners, is not, incidentally, empowered to qualify or license anybody for any kind of healing work or anything else whatever. Neither is the American Hospital Association, the American Congress of Physical Medicine, the American Board of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, the United States Public Health Service, the Veterans' Administration, the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Force, the Children's Bureau, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Federal-state crippled children's services and rehabilitation services, etc., etc., etc.; nor is any group which "recognizes" the "physical therapists," including the American Physical Therapy Association itself, empowered to qualify or license anybody for anything. Licensing is the province of the law — that same law which *does* license and sanction the *bona fide* physiotherapist. The above agencies are not policing, executive, legislative or scholastic bodies.

What kind of underhanded method of attack is this method of the so-called "physical therapists," or "button-pushers," who damn me to the uttermost by the oft-repeated statement that I am "*not a registered physical therapist*." No — praise God! — I am *not* a "registered physical therapist," and do not wish to be. I am a licensed physiotherapist. I prefer my freedom — the freedom to practice on my own, a freedom not possessed by these "button-pushers," whose original inventions and ideas, if any, are the property of their bosses, who

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keep them in involuntary servitude and put their very words into their mouths. As no less an individual than Dr. Morris Fishbein has written in *The New Medical Follies*, "There are physical therapists who believe that 'high frequency' means the treatment of eighty patients a day."

At this point let us stop and "look at the record," as Al Smith used to say. Eighty patients at a minimum of \$3 each, out of which the "technician" may receive a \$5- or \$10-per-day stipend from the overlord physician who hires him!

"Is that physical therapy, Mr. Gallagher?"

"No, it's a business, Mr. Sheen!"

We licensed physiotherapists in New York State have no grievance against what public health-welfare fund-raising corporations do for talents outside this state. But there is a law on the New York statute books, which neither we nor others can circumvent nor ignore. Besides, public welfare and ethics are not a private monopoly of the American Physical Therapy Association, Inc., or any other group.

In closing, it may be well to include a reminder of the injunction of the "pink slip" of the New York State Department of Education: "Since the right to practice physiotherapy in this state is limited to physiotherapists registered with this department, all physicians are cautioned against referring patients for physiotherapy treatments to nonlicensed individuals. Such indiscriminate referrals may lead to charges of 'aiding and abetting' in the illegal practice of physiotherapy."

EMIL ROY POSNER, PH.T.

New York City, N. Y.

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